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Contents

The Week 238

Editorials

Is It a New Europe?..... 239
What We Can Do for China..... 241
Labor's View of Wages..... 243
Pigskin Preferred..... 244

General Articles

Soviet Russia (I).....J. M. Keynes 246
The Regulation of Wages—Two Views
Real Wages vs. Illusory Profits...Alvin Johnson 248
Increasing Real Wages.....George Soule 249
The Pre-Raphaelites.....Clive Bell 251
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 253
George Bellows.....Edmund Wilson 254
The Schnitzler Play.....Stark Young 255
Correspondence 256

Reviews of Books

Castlereagh and Canning.....Robert Morss Lovett 258
B. G. Goodhue.....Lewis Mumford 259
On the Firing Line of Science.....C. E. Ayres 260
Probing Innerlichkeit.....Alexander Fried 261
Ghosts, a Donkey, and Some Baffled Lovers.....
.....Olivia Howard Dunbar 262
The War of Schools.....Allen Tate 263
Recent Fiction..... 263

The Week

THE day after the Locarno agreements were signed Mr. Coolidge permitted it to be announced that the time when he could call his long contemplated disarmament conference appeared to be approaching. But on the day following the skies darkened and the administration apparently decided that for a while longer Europe must be permitted to stew in her own juice without the benefit of any American seasoning. If true and permanent, it was a wise decision. Land disarmament is a European problem whose successful handling is a matter in part of difficult and delicate technical negotiations and in part of political reconciliation among the European states. The United States would do well not to interfere. They have refused to assume political responsibilities in Europe; and this refusal would make any proposal which looked towards the reduction of armies by the American government a futile impertinence. The foreign ministers of European states would dig up probably sound reasons why they should decline the suggested invitation. It is apparently no longer necessary for Americans to take so much trouble to save Europe. The European peoples still have their troubles, but they are doing fairly well without American moral or other leadership. If the administration has any moral leadership left after it has finished with the reduction of the super-taxes, it can profitably use the commodity in China.

THERE is a certain unreality about any agreement among nations of the northern hemisphere which excludes Russia. This statement applied to the Washington treaties of four years ago. It applies to the Locarno treaties of today. It is clear that Russian diplomacy received a severe check in its failure to prevent the rapprochement between Germany and the Western powers. But it is by no means clear that she does not still hold the keys to war and peace. A falling out between Russia and Poland—and a quarrel with the Poles can be had by anyone, at any time, on any ground—would bring the casus foederis between France and Poland into operation, and the French army into Germany. Whether Germany could excuse this violation of her neutrality, even though granted absolution by the League of Nations, is doubtful; that her people could not endure seeing their country made a thoroughfare for the armies that so lately crucified the Ruhr is certain. The exact terms of the agreement by which France is allowed to carry out her obligations of alliance with Poland are not announced; but they must be at the expense of Germany, physically and spiritually. This being the case, Russia has it in her power to bring a strain upon the Locarno agreement at its weakest point.

THE Democratic party in Congress under the leadership of Representative Garner and Senator Swanson has cooked up a plan for tax revision which differs materially from that of the Republicans. They do not propose to contest a reduction in the super-taxes on large incomes, but they would like to spread the payment of the debt over two generations instead of one, and they would like by this means to make room for diminishing Federal taxation by $600,000,000 instead of less than $300,000,000. Then they will propose to get rid of a large part of this additional $300,000,000 by

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exempting all incomes below $5,000 a year from federal taxation. This plan is, as it seems to us, worse than that of Mr. Mellon. It would be deplorable in view of the probable future responsibility of the federal government not to take advantage of the present prosperity of the country in order to reduce the debt by just as much as the country can afford. The Democratic proposal to postpone the payment of the debt is thoroughly unsound, and no less unsound is the proposal to exempt incomes smaller than $5,000. The present exemption might be increased somewhat, for it comes very close at present to what ought to be an income sufficient to maintain an American standard of living, but not by more than $500. Incomes of more than $2,500 should as a matter of fair distribution of the national burden pay a small tax. It is just as desirable on grounds of social policy that the small but sufficient incomes should contribute something as that the larger incomes should contribute progressively more.

THE situation as regards British trade is clarified by Mr. Walter T. Layton, editor of The Economist, in an article in The Boston Transcript. His conclusions, while not highly optimistic, afford at least some relief from the extreme pessimism which prevailed during the summer. He points out that the adverse balance of trade has been improving since last winter, and that, with some notable exceptions, most industries of the country are contributing to this improvement. The most important exception is the mining industry. According to Mr. Layton the total unemployment among men in Great Britain at the end of August was 1,140,749 or 181,022 more than a year ago. The unemployed among miners numbered 288,892 or 184,000 more than a year ago, enough to account for a little more than the total increase. Similarly British exports for the past nine months were valued at £579,000,000 against £590,000,000 in the corresponding period of 1924, and £566,000,000 in 1923. But excluding coal the figures are £541,000,000 in 1925, £534,000,000 in 1924, and £491,000,000 in 1923. The effect of this analysis seems to be to locate British industrial sickness in the coal mines. The high point in the export of coal before the War, 70,000,000 tons in 1913, has been reached since the War only in one year (1923) and that in consequence of the occupation of the Ruhr. Other large industries showing a decline in exports from pre-war standards, ship building, steel, machinery and cotton goods are confronting hopeful conditions in the immediate future. Only the British mining industry seems sick unto death.

MR. Edgar A. Mowrer in an article recently reviewed in the New Republic, remarks on the childish disposition of our diplomats to identify themselves with the politics as well as the social prejudices of the countries to which they are sent. We had a singularly painful instance of this tendency in the career of Mr. Walter Hines Page at the Court of Saint James. An Ambassador of Mr. Page's calibre as a diplomat is Mr. Myron T. Herrick at Paris. Mr. Herrick is represented, and only too plausibly, as greeting a member of the Escadrille Lafayette who had returned from dropping bombs on Riffian villages with the words: "If I were younger I would go to fight in Morocco, too." Now Mr. Herrick should not be ignorant of the fact that the participation of the Escadrille Lafayette in the war against the Riffi is contrary to United States and international law, and is bringing disgrace and hatred upon the American name throughout the Moslem world. So far from praising this adventure he should be the first to discourage it. The State department has already made public its disapproval, and has doubtless made representations to the French authorities in Morocco. Mr. Herrick, following the tactics of Mr. Page in London, has done his best to discount in advance such representations. In an excess of complacency toward the French he has dissociated himself personally from the policy of his government and done his best to embarrass it.

THINGS are changing so fast in Turkey that a slow moving country like ours has difficulty in keeping up with the news. First we heard that the fez was out, or off, for good, and we saw photographs of the new national Truly Warner headgear. Now it appears that a decoration more ancient and honorable even than the fez, the turban, is also slated for disappearance. At any rate those who wish to wear it must be licensed, the licenses are difficult to obtain, only a very few turbans in all will be allowed. Do the fiery Turks object? Do they show their spirit by wholesale revolt? Do they live up to the reputation they have made in all foreign imaginations by refusing, with passionate dignity, to forswear a symbol of their glorious past? Of course they object to the licensing. But for what reason? Alas, not for any of the reasons we had expected. They object to taking off their turbans on the ground "that they are sure to catch cold."

Is It a New Europe?

IN estimating the work of the Locarno conference, one is tempted to use large words which may or may not be subsequently justified by the event. One is tempted to say that by beginning the outlawing of war it introduces into the European system a new principle which promises to be as much of an improvement upon its predecessor as the system established by the Treaty of Westphalia improved upon the Europe of the religious wars. The Treaty of Westphalia wrote into public law the principle of state sovereignty and state re-

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sponsibility. It put an end to the anarchy and bloodshed from which Europe had suffered for a hundred years as a consequence of the subordination of the welfare of the peoples to sectarian inter-state theological quarrels. It left Europe exposed to war, but it diminished the area in which wars were tolerated by limiting them in effect to the attainment of political objects by recognized governments. Under this system, disorderly as it essentially was, the European peoples enjoyed comparative prosperity and order. The liability to war and the license with which states were legally invested to pursue by means of war predatory political aims did not until recently bring about insufferable evils. The breaches of the peace in which it resulted were for the most part local and did not interfere with a steady development of the arts of civilization.

But the Treaty of Westphalia, although it diminished the ravages of war by making it an instrument of more or less attainable political objects rather than of religious propaganda, kept politics barbarous by permitting it to employ war as an instrument. The catastrophe of 1914-18 proved that in the conditions of industrialized society such as that of western Europe war had ceased to be tolerable even as a political instrument. The prosperity of the European peoples had come to depend upon the satisfaction of economic wants which war, the liability to war and the cost of preparations for war tended to frustrate. Just as the conflicts which succeeded the Reformation showed up the hideous absurdity of religious wars or crusades, so the war of 1914-18 proved that any statesman of today who in cold blood proposed for his country a political object which could only be accomplished by victorious armies culpably misinterpreted the world in which he lived. So far as European politics was concerned the realistic statesmen had to dismiss war as a possibility. Law of some kind had to be substituted for war as the method whereby European states adjusted their relations one to another. The Locarno Conference is the longest stride which has yet been taken in that direction. By outlawing war between Germany and her neighbors, and by associating this ban with promises of conciliation, it has planted in the soil of practical international politics the living roots of a possibly effective organzation of European peace.

Of course Woodrow Wilson had something of this kind in mind when he started for Paris in December, 1918, but he allowed a fatal defect to invade the machinery whereby he proposed to accomplish it. The treaty of peace instead of being framed to outlaw war was framed to outlaw vanquished Germany, and having outlawed Germany, it was necessary to perpetuate the legal liability to war in order to prevent Germany from being restored to citizenship in the society of nations. It is this vindictive treatment of Germany which has more than anything else deprived the League of Nations of the moral authority and legal integrity which were necessary for the accomplishment of its work of pacification. The victorious European nations thought for the moment that they were strong enough to ignore the resentment of Germany, and consequently they did not attempt and recognized no responsibility to conciliate her. They counted upon their ability, when they needed assistance in order to suppress Germany, to call upon the military and economic resources of the United States. If the American nation were willing to underwrite Article X of the League Covenant and specifically and unconditionally to guarantee the Rhine frontier, France need not be apprehensive about retaliation from her defeated and infuriated enemy. The organization of European peace would in that event have depended not upon a new reign of law or upon the appeasement of moral or national conflicts, but upon the promise by the American nation to prevent Germany from escaping from penal servitude.

Fortunately, however, the United States refused to sign the Treaty, and its refusal rendered the whole structure precarious. Germany being treated like a criminal naturally responded to the treatment by growing increasingly insubordinate and revengeful. The French people, realizing how angry they would feel under analogous circumstances, became more and more scared and more self-righteous. England, on the other hand, soon came to her senses and was trying to find some way of withdrawing from the ugly enterprise. One of two courses had to be adopted. It was necessary either to render Germany permanently negligible by ruining her economically and dividing her up politically, or to placate her by revoking the ban of outlawry and restoring her to a position of comparative independence and equality. M. Poincaré tried the first alternative when he invaded the Ruhr and intrigued to detach the Rhine provinces from Germany: but the German people at terrible cost to themselves resisted, and the enterprise failed. In the meantime the very foundations of European social order were trembling and England came to be increasingly alienated from the French policy and alarmed at its probable consequences. France, finding herself threatened by moral and political isolation, had to back down. Poincaré fell from power and the way was cleared for a trial of the alternative policy of gradual appeasement.

It was, however, the initiative of the German government rather than attitudes of either the French or the British governments which accounts for the trial of the other policy. The offer which Germany voluntarily submitted to guarantee unconditionally the frontier between France and Germany as drawn by the Treaty of Versailles and equally solemnly to promise never to wage war in order to change her eastern frontiers—this offer was the most enlightened act of statesmanship of our time. It was not an easy offer for a proud, capable and aggrieved nation to make. Few Germans really believe that the German-speaking people of Alsace

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should as a matter of right form a part of the French rather than the German Republic. Practically all of them condemn the Polish corridor and the Silesian boundary as politically or economically intolerable. If they had acted as human beings ordinarily do in politics at the prompting of their national sensibilities and emotions, they would have hugged ther grievances and forced France and England to extricate Europe from the profound and apparently hopeless disorder into which they had plunged that continent. Fortunately, however, a few German statesmen reasoned that inasmuch as Germany was disarmed and would not be allowed to arm again, her one chance of recovery depended on the creation of a European system in which some kind of right prevailed rather than force. They decided, consequently, to risk the future of Germany upon the chance that what they took to be her grievances would eventually be assuaged by legal procedure. They succeeded in obtaining enough support for their idea among their compatriots to justify them in opening a negotiation of which the Locarno agreements are the fruits. If Germany had not opened these negotiations, it is doubtful whether France and England could have saved Europe from the disorder which the outlawry of Germany would necessarily have involved. Being victors they were too morally self-righteous to have admitted that they had abused their victory. Yet they could not on their own initiative have attempted to conciliate Germany without a practical confession of wrongdoing.

The Locarno agreements contain, consequently, at least the project of the genuine pacification of Europe. They look towards the revision of the Carthaginian peace, and tend necessarily to emancipate the League of Nations from the semi-paralysis which has hitherto prevented it from dealing with the aggressive causes of European unrest and disorder. But, of course, it is only a tentative sketch which, if it is to survive, must be re-enforced by many supplementary strokes of appeasement. It remains legally possible under the new agreements for France, Great Britain and Italy to interpret Germany's acceptance of them as a peculiarly solemn reaffirmation on her part of the inferior and disreputable status to which she was condemned by the Treaty of Versailles. They can still refuse to pay any attention to her petitions for the redress of grievances, and owing to their preponderance in the Council of the League of Nations and the undiminished authority of the provisions of the Treaty, they could still, if Germany proves to be recalcitrant, legally punish her as they could not punish any other alleged malefactor without going to war. Should they interpret the Locarno agreements in this spirit and should they refuse the petitions of Germany, no matter how reasonable, which seek to correct the disabilities imposed by the Treaty, then of course she will bide her time patiently and vindictively until the inevitable opportunity arrives to overthrow an organization of Europe which so palpably and grievously discriminates against the welfare of the German people.

But although the Locarno agreements settle nothing and may conceivably be used merely to re-enforce Germany's legalized inferiority, the German government has by taking the risk of signing them adopted the wiser and safer course. They have appealed against force to the latent justice and fair play of the European peoples. The appeal may fail, but if it does they will not be any worse off than they have been. On the other hand there is a decent chance that it will be rewarded with some measure of success. Even supposing that the French politicians in signing the agreement have merely intended to stabilize a system which condemns Germany to legal and practical inferiority, they may well without intending it have encouraged a wholly different outcome. They may not only have crowded Germany into such a perilous and exacting position that as a matter of collective self-preservation the German people will have to cultivate patience, courage, self-control and political efficiency, but they may have allowed Germany to unloose political and social forces making for European unification and reconstruction, which, if unloosed, will overwhelm French national egotism. The Western European people really need and honestly long for a liquidation of the War and for the kind of moral reunion which will permit them to regain their prosperity and their political and economic primacy. They cannot get what they want without the wholehearted coöperation of Germany. In the long run they will have to pay the price which Germany has a right to demand for such coöperation—that is, freedom from legal disabilities, security, independence and the right of determining her own destiny to the same extent that France exercises a similar right.

What We Can Do for China

ONE of the fundamental difficulties of government at the present time is to secure a working balance between democracy and technology. In certain departments the will of the people, acting directly, makes expert guidance a vain hope; other departments seem to escape popular control entirely. This was true in marked degree of foreign affairs, until the bloody mess to which accredited experts reduced the world made "open diplomacy" one of the most powerful cries in the propaganda of the war to end war. Since the War the experience of democratic control of foreign affairs, in the ambiguous form in which we have had it, has not been entirely successful. Undoubtedly a powerful argument can be made against entrusting decisions of peace and war to mass judgment, so often perverted by interested press and politicians, and in favor of leaving them to men whose birth, training

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and interests fit them for the higher functions of government—who form a special ruling caste throughout the world and in all countries speak the same language. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that historically the interference of the people directly in foreign affairs has in certain cases been attended by the most happy results. Such cases are usually those in which a simple and widely accepted good is the issue, as for example personal liberty, political liberty, or self-determination of a people. In the nineteenth century the British people entered the domain of foreign policy, greatly to the discomfort of the experts who ruled it, to urge the abolition of the slave trade, to forward movements for constitutional government, to secure the political freedom of Greece, Italy, and the Balkan States. And this record of aid between nations at the behest of popular sympathy is not one of the least glorious in the history of British foreign affairs.

The case of China today is one which offers an opportunity to the people of the United States as conspicuous as those furnished the English people in the nineteenth century by Greece and Italy. Here open diplomacy and democratic control of foreign affairs have the advantages with few of the disadvantages which attend their practice. Official diplomacy has had its opportunity to explore the logic of the situation, to define the premises and to draw the conclusions. Those conclusions were stated at the Washington Conference in the form of agreements:

> 1. To respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China.
> 2. To grant the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government.
> 3. To allow equal opportunity for all nations in China's commerce and industry—otherwise the principle of the "open door."
> 4. To pledge the signatory governments not to seek special rights and privileges for their nationals in China.

There is no doubt that these conclusions represent the will of the people of the United States. Their representatives are about to meet with those of other powers to deal with certain limited aspects of the Chinese question which four years ago were specified by the Washington Conference as subjects for immediate consideration. The delay has brought additional difficulties which must be surmounted. If they are allowed to become an excuse for further delay, the result will be disastrous. The conferees should have in their deliberations the consciousness of a public opinion which will force them to take definite and irretraceable steps toward the full achievement of the program drawn up at the Washington Conference.

There is reason to believe that the State department does not entirely welcome this participation of the people at large in the management of such matters. Both at the Pan-Pacific Conference at Honolulu, and at the Conference on China at Baltimore, there was heard the plea that nothing should be done "to embarrass the State department" or "to weaken the hands of our negotiators." At Honolulu it would appear that the eager desire of the conference to put itself on record as favoring the fulfilment of the pledges made at Washington was defeated by the too complacent managers of the enterprise. At Baltimore the opinion of the large majority of the delegates to this effect received an expression which has already become an element of considerable weight in the situation. The phrase "weaken the hands" is one which squints. Its meaning depends on the side on which those hands are lifted. Undoubtedly anything which serves to encourage the Chinese means weakening the hands raised against them, just as it means strengthening those raised against the predatory powers.

The participation of the people of the United States in the development of the Chinese situation need not be limited to conferences and resolutions. There is an opportunity for material aid. The local strike in Japanese and Chinese mills and factories at Shanghai has been settled, but the national strike in that city continues. Practically all workers in British factories and seamen on board British steamers are still on strike. They number some 50,000. How this strike is regarded in China is shown by a recent letter from a representative of the Strike Relief Committee:

> They (the strikers) are as determined as ever to continue their present position because they feel there is no other weapon that China can appeal to in securing fair dealing in her international relationships. They believe that in the coming Tariff Conference and the conference on other unequal treaties, China can only make her voice heard if the chief author of her international grievances is made to feel the responsibility while the conferences are in session.

There is another opening for direct operation of American public opinion on the Chinese situation. Americans are for the most ignorant of the part which their armed forces are playing in the military occupation of China by the powers. After the massacre at Shanghai in which unarmed students and workers were shot down by the police on May 30, the United States supplied thirteen out of twenty warships to maintain the government of the foreign concession which is responsible only to a limited number of foreign residents—in flagrant disregard of American principles—and our marines were quartered in a Chinese university and high school to maintain martial law. There is reason to suppose that the American forces were given this prominence in order to divide with the British the odium caused by the original massacre. Even in so-called normal times United States gunboats patrol the Yang-tse-Kiang to an extent comparable to that of a foreign navy which should penetrate the Mississippi system as far as Pittsburgh. Ob-

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viously this military occupation of China is a derogation from her sovereignty as serious as extra-territoriality or customs control, and far more dangerously provocative. The withdrawal of our military and naval forces from China is one way in which the United States can dissociate itself immediately from the policy of force, and recognize the right of China to be master in her own house. And this withdrawal will take place if the American people, whose ships and guns are being used, resolutely insists upon it, in Congress and at the White House.

The participation of the people of the United States in the Chinese situation is on all accounts to be desired. On the one hand the Chinese, naturally weary and suspicious of the delays of diplomacy, need the encouragement which will come from an active display of sympathy and support in this country. On the other, the American people sorely needs a generous cause to afford some relief from the lethargy into which it has sunk since the War. We have dissociated ourselves from Europe, except for the purpose of installing the money-raising machinery of the Dawes Commission and trying to collect our debts, and the gradual movement toward a real peace, culminating at Locarno, has passed without our assistance. We made a generous response to the cry of starving Russia, but the good will which might have been engendered was stifled by Mr. Hughes's "diplomacy." We have defaulted on Europe; we have defaulted on Russia. It surely behooves us as a Christian nation to make good in China.

Labor's View of Wages

DOUBTLESS the most important action taken by the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor was its adoption of a plan for an organizing drive. Organization is the basis of everything else labor may do. But the most significant action for the long run was the enunciation of a new wage policy.

In the revulsion against the wage-reduction movement of 1921-22, a movement which appeared to be tied to the war-born "principle" that money wages should be varied up or down with changes in the cost of living, (and thus that real wages and the standard of living should neither fall nor rise) the Federation appointed a committee to draft a new and sounder set of wage doctrines. This committee has made several reports, consisting for the most part of cautious generalities from which little concrete meaning could be extracted except that money wages must not come down. The vagueness was probably desirable in view of the primitive state of wage theory even among economists. In the meantime, however, a good deal of study has been devoted to the question both by experts in direct touch with the labor movement, and by independent economists such as Walton Hamilton and Stacy May, whose observations are recorded in The Control of Wages—published by The Workers' Education Bureau. Discussion of the question has been frequent in workers' study classes, and numerous separate unions have been making experiments. The outcome was that when the committee introduced a slightly less vague resolution this year it gave rise to a highly intelligent debate on the floor which resulted in a new and salutary statement of concrete policy.

The resolution as it appeared first laid stress on opposition to reductions, on the ground that the standard of life must not be allowed to fall and that low wages do not necessarily mean low labor cost, but quite the reverse. So far, so good. John P. Frey of the Iron Moulders, known as the chief scholar of the unions, moved a substitute. This pointed out that more efficient use of power—as in giant electric power systems—and the constant development of machinery gives rise to an increasing rate of productivity, which makes possible constantly increasing real wages for labor. As more goods are produced per capita, labor should be provided with the means of larger consumption per capita. This point of view is developed briefly in the article by Mr. George Soule, Increasing Real Wages, in this week's New Republic.

President James Lynch of the Typographical Union moved an amendment to the substitute which declared that the economic tendency in question also makes possible shorter hours, arguing that higher wages alone are not a sufficient accompaniment of increased productivity. This is a more traditional point of view, which has been current in the labor movement ever since it was first urged by Ira Steward, the original protagonist of the eight-hour day. As productive efficiency increases, society can and should derive the benefits either in more things or more leisure, or in a judicious combination of both.

Matthew Woll, a Vice-President of the Federation and chairman of the committee, commented that Mr. Frey's substitute represented the doctrine of the production theorists and that labor does well not to tie itself too closely to theory. This may sound obscurantist, but as a matter of fact it proceeds from common sense. Economic theory is still for the most part in the stage of speculation, and hypotheses elaborated by economists or pseudo-economists have usually been taken too literally as universal "laws" by the theorists as well as by their more enthusiastic followers. Sections of the labor movement have frequently skirted disaster by swallowing half-baked theories unsuitable for digestion in the hurly-burly of practical life. And so the whole question was referred back to the committee.

The resolution finally adopted contained the opposition to reductions. But the turn it gave to the discussion was happy indeed. "We urge upon man-

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agement the elimination of wastes in production in order that selling prices may be lower and wages higher. To this end we recommend coöperation in study of waste in production"—with a reference to the noted beginning in this direction made by the Federated Engineering Societies. These sentences implicitly contain the principle pointed out by Mr. Frey, but turn it to use on the part of the unions by pointing out how they can aid in building up the greatest potential source of higher wages. They can, as the Baltimore and Ohio shopmen and others are doing, coöperate with managements in locating and eliminating causes of waste. Such a policy gives them a satisfying creative activity under conditions of industrial peace. It gives them a detailed knowledge of the gains being made. It gives them a presumptive right to a share in such gains, and a means—through the conditional offer of coöperation in contractual relations—to establish that right in practice.

This policy should prove a valuable complement to the organization drive. Determined opposition to unionism on the part of employers and that section of the public sympathetic with them, however arbitrary and indefensible, has undoubtedly been a severe handicap to organization. It could not have been as strong as it has proved without a considerable moral content, and its moral force has derived chiefly from the belief that unions oppose the introduction of machinery and better methods. In so far as this belief has been true, employers who recognize unions have actually suffered from the competition of non-union firms, and non-unionism has enjoyed a survival value. The chief practical claim of unions to the gains they have demanded has been the nuisance they have been able to create for non-compliant employers. This denial of coöperation has often been a powerful and is still a necessary weapon. But if, carrying the threat of it in one hand, the unions can come to employers with an offer of coöperation to eliminate waste in the other, they will have neatly turned the tables on their opponents. They will have evinced a positive as well as a negative reason for sufferance both to employers and the public. They will have assumed a creative rôle in society beneficial to others as well as to themselves. The official recognition of this policy by the A. F. of L. marks a long step ahead.

Pigskin Preferred

HARVARD Athletic Authorities have installed a dozen electric lights so that the football team may carry on practice work at any hour. . . . Now Harvard will have no excuse for losing because of lack of 24-hour facilities.—*Daily News.*

Education, as the above item (which is not of our invention) will testify, is advancing by leaps and bounds. This is one of the biggest bounds ever made. In fact, while our day remains only 24 hours long, no further bound in this direction is possible.

This courageous innovation ought not to be surprising. For Harvard is one of the most progressive universities in the country. And not alone in athletics. In scholarship also she—"she," for like excursion boats, colleges are feminine—she has distinguished herself by recognition of the long neglected subject of business. As compared with Latin, Greek, the Renaissance and plane (not solid) ornithology, the study of business is a tender plant, and must be watered if it is not to perish in all but a few enthusiastic garrets. The President, and good fellows, and overseers and superintendents and foremen of Harvard were wise to see this obscure condition clearly, and courageous to remedy it. In action, their courage exceeded their wisdom, and they have constructed a mechanism so vast, and a financial reservoir of proportions so oceanic that the tender plant is in more danger of being drowned than not watered. However, let us not be pessimistic. Some, if not all business will sprout sturdily in spite of this golden cloudburst, and there seems small doubt that among the lost arts revived will be those of taking down shutters, giving short change, punching time-clocks, dressing windows, reading ticker-tape and compiling sucker-lists.

Football, like business, is seldom pursued for its own sake. As a prominent half-back once said: "I don't run back punts for my health." It is not for amusement that the Harvard squad charges and blocks and tackles all afternoon, and it is not for sheer love of sport that they are now getting ready to grind through signal practice by artificial light. In fact, all this practicing is mighty hard work, ever so much harder work than brain work. There is a malicious popular belief that football players are not naturally inclined toward brain work. This is unfair: football players have merely chosen the sterner course. Many more fail at this course than at brain courses. Only a few men each year, out of dozens of candidates, win their letter. It is much more difficult to earn an H than an A. B. All honor, then, to those who aim at one letter rather than two. An A. B. can be obtained nowadays without burning the midnight oil. But an H requires hours and hours of midnight electricity. Never, in the history of all education, has there been so arduous a night school.

It is quite proper that football should be taken seriously. In the past it was often considered a sport, and it was played for fun in a slapdash unprofessional manner by young men who enjoyed the exercise. This race of dilettantes is now extinct, and has given place to a more conscientious generation which realizes the true function of football in any well-conducted alma mater. For alma mater flourishes by victory on the gridiron, and droops after defeat. No alma mater can withstand prolonged unsuccess at football. The reverberations of humiliation in the Stadium or the Bowl are far-reaching. Attendance in classes on Egyptology, Cryptology

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and the Italian drama drops off. Scholarship standards quiver and collapse. Bright young men in middle western high schools hear from afar the dismal thunder of defeat and elect to go elsewhere. Graduates and alumni (they are not identical) storm and sulk in the suburbs, write angry letters, tear up checks and send their sons to the University of Nebraska. The loss of these checks is more serious than the loss of the sons. There are always plenty of sons, but checks are more ephemeral, and subject to seasonal influences. The autumn season, with its toll of games lost or won, profoundly affects the writing of checks. And checks build universities, while young men merely inhabit them.

A graduate is one who is proud of his alma mater. An alumnus is one who is ashamed of her when she begins to lose football games. An alumnus writes more checks than a graduate, and is in every way the sterner man. He makes certain demands, and he stands by to see that the goods are delivered. He is a realist. He knows the value of professors and instructors, and rightly assigns to them a very minor rôle in the educational process. He sees to it that these learned cogs are paid strictly according to their services. He reserves his real enthusiasm for the football coach, and makes sure that the salary for that position will attract the kind of man who can win games and keep his desk clean.

But the alumnus, for all his hardheadedness, has yet to go the whole hog. He is still dealing in half measures. The desperate resolve of the football authorities at Harvard to perfect their team by putting electric lights on the field ought to spur the alumnus to equally rigorous action. His path is clear: football must be rescued from the paralyzing limbo between amateurishness and professionalism. Much as he might sigh for the old days, it is obviously too late to regain for the game a lost amateur standing. The present status is impossible. Onward, then to a business basis. The players must of course remain amateurs, but the game should be professionalized. This happy device would at once save honor and avoid paying salaries to the players. A stock company should obviously be floated, with the alumni subscribing for the shares. Only a few graduates would be allowed to participate, as their loyalty to the team is somewhat open to question. But since graduates are almost universally poorer men than alumni, perhaps it would not be necessary to make this humiliating discrimination against them.

The details of such a scheme we leave to men plainly more qualified than ourselves. We confess, with no little hesitation and some fear, that our own mentality is more of the graduate type than the alumnus. This means, for one thing, that we cherish the pale remains of some anxiety about educational matters in the old sense. And we should therefore like to be allowed to put in a timid plea that some of the profits of Stadium Common, or Bowl Bonds, or Pigskin Preferred, which under the reign of a competent coach would be considerable, be paid in to the University for strictly educational purposes. We do not go so far as to suggest that any professor's salary be raised, out of these profits, to a figure so near that of the football coach as to give grounds for any serious jealousy or competition. It would be safer to avoid this issue by endowing, with the Pigskin dividends, a few erudite courses in allied subjects, such as Greek games 2a, or Discus 13, or Checkers among the Early Christians, which would, by partaking at once of the nature of sport and learning, endanger neither. These courses, it goes without saying, could only be given in the years following football victories. Defeat, particularly over a period of years, would diminish profits, or even wipe them out, and if the alumni stockholders in Pigskin Preferred passed a dividend or two, Discus 13 could no longer be thrown.

After this sensible reorganization, of course the electric lights on the practice field would burn forever. In this era of competition, no Harvard football team, once having inaugurated them, could give them up. In fact, these artificial lights would be rapidly copied by rival colleges, and would in a few years be looked back upon as only the first step in a sort of football armament race. The plain electric light bulbs would give way to infra-red rays, which are known to induce that super-normal adrenal activity which marks the difference between a mediocre line-plunger and an All-American full-back. Music is a notorious aid to drop-kicking, and for many years the psychological laboratories could compete in discovering just which tunes produced most field goals. Gradually the exactions of the larger Football would stimulate every science, every research department, would draw a little useful contribution from every course taught in the University. Football law, football hygiene, the drama of football, football ballistics, football histology, the æsthetics of football — there is no area of human knowledge in which the football could not make at least a first down.

But let every bit of research, every signing of contract with coaches, every advanced secret practice, every cutting of the Pigskin melon, be performed by electric light. Too much daylight isn't good for the game—or business—of football.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Soviet Russia—I

IT is extraordinarily difficult to be fair-minded about Russia. And even with fair-mindedness, how is a true impression to be conveyed of a thing so unfamiliar, contradictory, and shifting, about which almost no one in England has a background of knowledge or of comparable experience? No English newspaper has a regular correspondent resident in Russia. We rightly attach small credence to what the Soviet authorities say about themselves. Most of our news is from prejudiced and deceived Labor deputations or from prejudiced and untruthful *émigrés*. Thus a belt of fog separates us from what goes on in the other world where the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics rules and experiments and evolves a kind of order. Russia is suffering the penalty of years of "propaganda," which by taking away credence from words, almost destroys, in the end, the means of communication at a distance.

Leninism is a combination of two things which Europeans have kept for some centuries in different compartments of the soul—religion and business. We are shocked because the religion is new, and contemptuous because the business, being subordinated to the religion instead of the other way round, is highly inefficient.

Like other new religions, Leninism derives its power not from the multitude but from a small minority of enthusiastic converts, whose faith and zeal and intolerance make each one the equal in strength of a hundred indifferentists. Like other new religions, it is led by those who can combine the new spirit, perhaps sincerely, with seeing a good deal more than their followers, politicians with at least an average dose of political cynicism, who can smile as well as frown, volatile experimentalists, released by religion from truth and mercy but not blinded to facts and expediency, and open therefore to the charge (superficial and useless though it is, where politicians, lay or ecclesiastical, are concerned) of hypocrisy. Like other new religions, it seems to take the color and gaiety and freedom out of everyday life and to offer but a drab substitute in the square wooden faces of its devotees. Like other new religions, it persecutes without justice or pity those who actively resist it. Like other new religions, it is unscrupulous. Like other new religions, it is filled with missionary ardor and œcumenical ambitions. To say that Leninism is the faith of a persecuting and propagating minority of fanatics led by hypocrites, is, after all, to say no more nor less than that it *is* a religion and not merely a party, and Lenin a Mahomet, not a Bismarck. If we want to frighten ourselves in our capitalist easy chairs, we can picture the Communists of Russia as though the early Christians led by Attila were using the equipment of the Holy Inquisition and the Jesuit Missions to enforce the literal economics of the New Testament; but when we want to comfort ourselves in the same chairs, can we hopefully repeat that these economics are fortunately so contrary to human nature that they cannot finance either missionaries or armies and will surely end in defeat?

There are three questions which need an answer. Is the new religion partly true, or sympathetic to the souls of modern men? Is it on the material side so inefficient as to render it incapable to survive? Will it, in the course of time, with sufficient dilution and added impurity, catch the multitude?

As for the first question, those who are completely satisfied by Christian Capitalism or by Egotistic Capitalism untempered by subterfuge, will not hesitate how to answer it; for they either have a religion or need none. But many, in this age without religion, are bound to feel a strong emotional curiosity towards any religion, which is really new and not merely a recrudescence of old ones and has proved its motive force; and all the more when the new thing comes out of Russia, the beautiful and foolish youngest son of the European family, with hair on his head, nearer both to the earth and to heaven than his bald brothers in the West—who, having been born two centuries later, has been able to pick up the middle-aged disillusionment of the rest of the family before he has lost the genius of youth or become addicted to comfort and to habits. I sympathize with those who seek for something good in Soviet Russia.

But when we come to the actual thing, what is one to say? For me, brought up in a free air undarkened by the horrors of religion with nothing to be afraid of, Red Russia holds too much which is detestable. Comfort and habits let us be ready to forgo, but I am not ready for a creed which does not care how much it destroys the liberty and security of daily life, which uses deliberately the weapons of persecution, destruction, and international strife. How can I admire a policy which finds a characteristic expression in spending millions to suborn spies in every family and group at home, and to stir up trouble abroad? Perhaps this is no worse and has more purpose than the greedy, warlike and imperialist propensities of other governments; but it must be far better than these to shift me out of my rut. How can I accept a doctrine which sets up as its bible, above and beyond criticism, an obsolete economic textbook which I know to be not only scientifically erroneous but without interest or application for the modern world? How can I adopt a creed which, preferring the mud to the fish, exalts the boorish proletariat above the bourgeois and the intelligentsia who, with whatever faults, are the quality in life and surely carry the seeds of all human advancement? Even if we need

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a religion, how can we find it in the turbid rubbish of the red bookshops? It is hard for an educated, decent, intelligent son of Western Europe to find his ideals here, unless he has first suffered some strange and horrid process of conversion which has changed all his values.

Yet we shall miss the essence of the new religion if we stop at this point. The Communist may justly reply that all these things belong not to his true religion but to the tactics of Revolution. For he believes in two things—the introduction of a New Order upon earth and the *method* of the Revolution as the *only* means thereto.* The New Order must not be judged either by the horrors of the Revolution or by the privations of the transitionary period. The Revolution is to be a supreme example of the end justifying the means. The soldier of the Revolution must crucify his own human nature, becoming unscrupulous and ruthless and suffering himself a life without security or joy—but as the means to his purpose and not its end.

What, then, is the essence of the new religion as a New Order upon earth? Looking from outside, I do not clearly know. Sometimes its mouthpieces speak as though it was purely materialistic and technical in just the same sense that modern Capitalism is—as though, that is to say, Communism merely claimed to be in the long run a superior technical instrument for obtaining the same materialistic economic benefits as Capitalism offers—that in time it will cause the fields to yield more and the forces of Nature to be more straitly harnessed. In this case there is no religion after all, nothing but a bluff to facilitate a change to what may or may not be a better economic technique. But I suspect that, in fact, such talk is largely a reaction against the charges of economic inefficiency which we on our side launch, and that at the heart of Russian Communism there is something else of more concern to mankind.

In one respect Communism but follows other famous religions. It exalts the common man and makes him everything. Here there is nothing new. But there is another factor in it which also is not new but which may, nevertheless, in a changed form and a new setting contribute something to the true religion of the future, if there be any true religion. *Leninism is absolutely, defiantly non-supernatural, and its emotional and ethical essence centres about the individual's and the community's attitude towards the Love of Money.*

I do not mean that Russian Communism alters, or even seeks to alter, human nature—that it makes misers less avaricious or spendthrifts less extravagant than they were before. I do not merely mean that it sets up a new ideal. I mean that it tries to construct a framework of society in which pecuniary motives as influencing action shall have a changed relative importance, in which social approbations shall be differently distributed, and where behavior, which previously was normal and respectable, ceases to be either the one or the other.

In England today a talented and virtuous youth, about to enter the world, will balance the advantages of entering the Civil Service and of seeking a fortune in business; and public opinion will esteem him not less if he prefers the second. Money-making, as such, on as large a scale as possible, is not less respectable socially, perhaps more so, than a life devoted to the service of the State or of Religion, Education, Learning, and Art. But in the Russia of the future it is intended that the career of money-making as such will simply not occur to a respectable young man as a possible opening, any more than the career of a gentleman burglar or acquiring skill in forgery and embezzlement. Even the most admirable aspects of the love of money in our existing society, such as thrift and saving, and the attainment of financial security and independence for one's self and one's family, whilst not deemed morally wrong, will be rendered so difficult and impracticable as to be not worth while. Everyone should work for the community—the new creed runs—and, if he does his duty, the community will uphold him.

This system does not mean a complete leveling down of incomes—at least at the present stage. A clever and successful person in Soviet Russia has a bigger income and a better time than other people. The Commissar with $25 a week (*plus* sundry free services, a motor-car, a flat, a box at the ballet, etc., etc.) lives well enough, but not *in the least* like a rich man in London. The successful Professor or Civil Servant with $30 or $35 a week (*minus* sundry impositions) has, perhaps, a real income three times that of the proletarian worker, and six times those of the poorer peasants. Some peasants are three or four times as rich as others. A man who is out of work receives half pay, not full pay. But no one can afford on these incomes, with high Russian prices and stiff progressive taxes, to save anything worth saving; it is hard enough to live day by day. The progressive taxation and the mode of assessing rents and other charges are such that it is actually disadvantageous to have an acknowledged income exceeding $40 to $50 a week. Nor is there any possibility of large gains except by taking the same sort of risks as attach to bribery and embezzlement elsewhere—not that bribery and embezzlement have disappeared in Russia or are even rare, but anyone whose extravagance or whose instincts drive him to such courses runs serious risk of detection and penalties which include death.

Nor, at the present stage, does the system involve the actual prohibition of buying and selling at a profit. The policy is not to forbid these professions, but to render them precarious and disgraceful. The private trader is a sort of permitted outlaw, without privileges or protection, like the

* Throughout these articles I use the term "Communism" to mean the New Order, and not, as is the practice in British Labor politics, to mean the Revolution as a means thereto.

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Jew in the Middle Ages—an outlet for those who have overwhelming instincts in this direction, but not a natural or agreeable job for the normal man.

The effect of these social changes has been, I think, to make a real change in the predominant attitude towards money, and will probably make a far greater change when a new generation has grown up which has known nothing else. A small, characteristic example of the way in which the true Communist endeavors to influence public opinion towards money is given by the campaign which is going on about the waiters in communal restaurants accepting tips. There is a strong propaganda to the effect that to give or to receive tips is disgusting; and, as a result, it is becoming impolite to offer a tip in a public way, and a not unknown thing for a tip to be refused!

Now all this may prove Utopian, or destructive of true welfare, though, perhaps, not so Utopian, pursued in an intense religious spirit, as it would be if it were pursued in a matter-of-fact way. But is it appropriate to assume, as almost the whole of the English and American press do assume, and the public also, that it is insincere or that it is abominably wicked?

J. M. KEYNES.

The Regulation of Wages —Two Views

Real Wages vs. Illusory Profits

THE Mitten management of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, in conference with a special committee of the employes, is considering the feasibility of a system of wages payment which shall take account of fluctuations in the purchasing power of money. Starting with an agreed upon scale of money wages as a base, wages would automatically rise or fall with the rise or fall in the cost of necessities. Thus in entering upon a wages contract running through a considerable period of time the worker would know that his standard of living would not be subject to either deterioration or improvement through price movements he could not foresee. It is not implied that the base thus fixed would be stationary. Purchasing power wages, like money wages, would be raised or reduced as the position of labor grows stronger or weaker. The influence of price fluctuations would be excluded.

The idea is not altogether new. During the War many business concerns added to their standard wage a "cost of living bonus," which fluctuated with general prices or with the prices of necessities. In countries of rapidly depreciating currency the correction of wage scales to allow for soaring prices was very commonly practiced. In all these instances, however, such adjustments of wages were looked upon as emergency measures. If the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company adopts this plan in time of peace and normal economic relations, it will be engaged in real pioneering. It will be pioneering in a field which should in the end pay well, in both business and human values.

The disadvantages of money wages are familiar to all students of economics. In periods of rising prices every established standard of wages and salaries becomes less and less adequate. Where labor organizations are powerful, demands for increased pay are promptly formulated, but can often be realized only through costly strikes. Where labor is unorganized or held to rigid pay, as in the public service, distress and discontent accumulate and the service is impaired through the withdrawal of the more mobile and usually the more efficient part of the personnel. When prices are declining the employer finds it more and more difficult to pay standard wages. If he is dealing with organized labor, he cannot reduce wages without a fight. Nor can the wages of unorganized labor be cut without engendering discontent and demoralization. Accordingly the employer often finds it wisest to reduce operations or close down altogether, thus helping to create an unemployment problem. Directly or indirectly labor suffers under fluctuating prices, whether rising or falling. Occasionally the laborer's loss is the employer's gain. But as a rule no other party to the distribution of values enjoys a gain commensurate to labor's loss. The evil is one employers and employes ought to attack in common.

From the point of view of the individual workman and employer there can be no question as to the desirability of basing wages on purchasing power instead of money value. What about the effect on society as a whole? In boom periods when all prices are moving upward the plan of paying rigid money wages leaves a larger and larger proportion of the value product in the hands of the employers as profit. The increased profit gives a stimulus to greater business activity, with still higher prices and greater profits. The income of labor is less and less adequate, under rising prices, to take off the market the goods prepared for working class consumption. Unsalable stocks accumulate, eventually to weigh heavily upon the market, and incline it toward the depression that follows the boom. Conversely, when the trend of prices is downward the widening circles of unemployment make it more and

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more difficult for labor's purchasing power to clear the market of goods for which there are no other purchasers. Stagnation spreads, more unemploymen ensues; the depression deepens, until rock bottom is reached and prices again turn upward, to describe a similar vicious circle.

If wages were on a purchasing power basis the effects would be quite different. Rising prices would be attended by rising wages. Every employer would see rising costs before him, and put a brake on his impulses to expansion. The increased money wages would work toward clearing the market of consumption goods. On the other hand, falling prices, attended by falling wages, would permit a large section of production to go ahead as usual. There would be less unemployment, and money wages though reduced would still go farther toward clearing the market.

We do not maintain that by the single device of basing wages on purchasing power the ups and downs of the business cycle could be obviated. Too many other relations, such as those of debtor and creditor, are involved. We do maintain that the tendency of this reform in the standard of wages would be all to the good, so far as it went. "Prosperity" would not mushroom out so swiftly nor rise to such dizzy heights; the descent to depression would not be so steep nor the bottom level so low.

How potent the reform would be may be conjectured from the facts as to recent price fluctuations and the volume of wages and salaries paid in the United States. In 1921, the first normal year after the War, the Bureau of Labor's index number stood at 1773. In 1922 the index number was 1693; in 1923, 1732; 1924, 1730; June, 1925, 1735. The decline from 1921 to 1922 amounted to 80 points, or slightly more than four percent. An advance of about 2½ percent was recorded in 1923; since that time fluctuations have been negligible, from year to year, and hardly ever so much as two percent from one month in the year to another.

What do these small percentages mean in terms of purchasing power? The aggregate of wages and salaries, in a normal year, is about forty billion dollars. A two and one-half percent rise in prices reduces labor's power to purchase by one billion dollars. This is one-seventieth of the purchasing power exerted on the American market. It is not a crushing mass of goods that is left unsold, but enough to produce a distinctly heavy tone unless the market is buoyed up by remoter hopes. And in a real boom we should not be dealing with rises of two percent or four, but with ten percent, or, as in 1917, thirty percent.

Such percentages would imply immense volumes of purchasing power technically credited to the employer as profits, but actually appearing as inflated inventories of finished goods or goods in process of manufacture. No one would deny that such a situation is unhealthy. In the end industry must pay in undeniably real losses for gains that are chiefly illusory.

Those who regard capitalism as an unmitigated evil, incapable of adaptation to the uses of satisfactory living, will regard any reform in the basis of wages payment with indifference or hostility. The net effect of reducing the inconveniences of capitalism, they will argue, must be to prolong the life of the system. Those on the other hand who are not especially doctrinaire about any isms and who believe that the direct road to a better life lies through the gradual improvement of our present working institutions, will find the proposed reform of wages worth serious study. It promises greater security for the laborer's standard of living, an abatement of industrial strife, a more orderly process of distribution and production. These are significant gains. If capitalism were possessed of a rational and efficient statecraft it would lose no time in realizing on them. It would begin today, because the change to a new basis of wages could be made without perceptible difficulty, in a period of fairly stable prices. When the boom reaches its apex and inclines toward the depression the opportunity will have passed by.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Increasing Real Wages

ONE might quibble with Mr. Johnson's argument by pointing out that the employes of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company are not organized independently of management or affiliated with bona fide unions, and hence they presumably have small chance to exercise economic power in making or operating any contract.

One might also disagree with him concerning the statement that the policy of altering the money wage to correspond with changes in the cost of living represents pioneering on the part of the Mitten management; it was tried in numerous union agreements in the post-war period, and was abandoned, not thoughtlessly or because the emergency had passed, but largely because organized labor, after considering the principle involved, consciously opposed it. The real question is whether this decision was wise, whether genuine unions and well-disposed employers would gain by returning to the policy, whether it would provide a desirable modification in the capitalistic system.

I

During a period of rising prices, especially if it is a phenomenon of inflation, it is usual for wholesale prices to rise faster than retail, for manufacturers' prices to go up more quickly and reach a higher level than the cost of living to the individual consumer. If wages do not rise as rapidly as the cost of living during such a period, the evils which

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Mr. Johnson describes certainly follow. But if wages do rise as rapidly as the cost of living, there is still the wide gap between wholesale and the retail price levels to be accounted for. This gap leads to inflationary profits. The unwonted profits would make it possible to increase wages even more rapidly than the cost of living. Furthermore, a boom period is usually a period of stimulated production. If it is not to come to an end, consumers must be equipped, not merely to buy as much as usual, but to buy more than usual. Every reason exists, therefore, both in the interest of labor and in the interest of others, for unions to attempt to raise their wages during a boom period, not merely as rapidly as the cost of living but more rapidly. Not until a point is reached where the total wage bill rises more rapidly than the manufacturer's net sales, and thus begins to eliminate a necessary profit, is there any danger to stable prosperity from increased wages.

II

If, in spite of all that can be done by labor or other stabilizing forces, inflation proceeds apace, consumers' incomes cannot overtake prices, sales fall off, inventories accumulate, credit is strained, "overproduction" is noted, and a collapse ensues, we come to the question whether labor should be tied to any agreement that wages be reduced as the cost of living falls. From the point of view of the clash of economic power, the moment is favorable for the employer arbitrarily to reduce wages, because unemployment is prevalent. If the employer has to argue about it, he will say, as Mr. Johnson does, that a reduction of money wages in such circumstances does not reduce labor's former purchasing power, that lower wages will enable him to get his costs down, cut his prices, and thus increase his production and furnish more employment. He will also appeal to a superficial sense of fairness by contending that just as he consented to rising wages when the cost of living was going up, labor should consent to falling wages when the cost of living is going down. Under certain circumstances these arguments may be sound, but they should be pressed hard before labor admits their force. During the depression of 1920-1921 American labor, stupidly perhaps, failed to digest them and insisted that regardless of the falling cost of living, money wages must stay where they were. Economists, bankers and business men by the thousand denounced this policy; prosperity could not return, they said, unless the "balance" between wages and prices were restored. Yet the average of wages in manufacturing establishments never fell as much as the cost of living; retail prices dropped so much more than money wages between 1920 and 1923 that a gain of some 20 percent in real wages above the pre-war level was noted in this period—and still prosperity returned, with a pick-up in employment. The former relationship between wages and prices had not been so delicately "balanced" as the employers and bankers had supposed. The depression so readjusted this relationship that wage-earners could take more goods off the market than before and could keep more factories busy. And those employers who in the meantime were genuinely hard pressed had to deflate capital values, turn to better methods, eliminate waste, or succumb to their more efficient competitors, instead of saddling their burdens on labor.

III

At this point I shall be accused by some of a reductio ad absurdum—wages are to rise faster than retail prices when prices rise, and fall more slowly than prices when prices fall; have I not described a situation in which wages are constantly going up relative to prices? The answer is, I have. But how is this possible when labor cost is so large a part of total cost? It is possible because labor cost, like most other costs, has a constant tendency to fall, even though wages do not fall, through new inventions, more efficient methods, the gradually increasing control of mankind over his natural environment. You cannot long maintain an order in which you are constantly producing more per inhabitant unless you provide the means of a constant increase of consumption per inhabitant. This, I believe, is the central and most important consideration for an intelligent wage policy. I acknowledge that the description of the business cycle implied in the foregoing sections is crude and insufficient, that under some circumstances it might be totally inaccurate. But if the business cycle were eliminated, if we had no more booms and depressions and maintained a stable price level, the measure of the least desirable increase in wages should be the gradual increment to the production of consumers' goods. I cannot help believing that the application of the same principle to our disturbed business order would, so far as it had an effect on the cycle, tend to stabilize it. And the business cycle is not, after all, the most important characteristic of the present order.

IV

We now come to a practical question of tactics. Mr. Johnson has allowed for changes in real wages by saying that the contract in question does not imply that the base would be stationary; purchasing power wages could be raised or reduced as the position of labor grew stronger or weaker. My reply is that after a considerable experience with the working of such contracts, it appears to me that they lay so much emphasis on changes in the cost of living

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that both employers and arbitrators tend to regard that as the main issue, and think of upward changes in the base, if at all, as not being practicable under the existing conditions. A higher real wage is always capable of indefinite postponement unless labor insists upon it. Often contracts are so drawn that changes in the base are possible only at their expiration—a stated time some two or three years hence. But that time may turn out to be an unfavorable one to secure an increase, or to secure an increase large enough to parallel the intervening changes in productivity and profits. The whole conception is ordinarily associated with the idea of "stabilizing" wages by means of according to labor a stationary standard of living. Labor is sometimes ill informed enough to accept this idea, whereas if it followed its natural tendency on the one hand, or were better informed on the other, it would constantly press, as it should, for higher standards.

It is true that nobody can tell whether real wages are increasing or not unless he first compares changes in money wages with changes in the cost of living. Logically, this is a first step toward any more fundamental wage principle. It should be, however, not a major premise, but a decidedly subordinate minor one. It should be used as a means of calculating the real base from which wages are to be altered, not considered as itself an alteration. If it is inserted in a contract, it should be supplemented by some reference to change of the real wage as the ability to pay increases.

There can, in my opinion, be little but gain from concentrating attention during wage adjustments on ability to pay. Nationally this is determined by the amount produced, minus the amount devoted to capital equipment, maintenance, depreciation, etc., minus the amount necessary to apply to the incomes of non-wage-earners. In a given industry or plant, the rough equivalent is furnished by a study of its financial condition. As long as such a study shows that higher wages can be paid, labor is on fairly safe ground in demanding its share. If the study indicates that higher wages cannot be paid, the question is then in order—why not? And the attention of all is turned to remedial action. It is out of just such a process that agreements arise like that between the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and its shopmen, in which both parties contract to coöperate in discovering and applying better productive methods, and to share fairly any gain registered. This line of action, if followed on a national scale, would lead to a piece by piece overhauling of our economic system by those who know it best and actually operate it. The results might be incalculably beneficial. It would, in my opinion, lead to a real modification of capitalism as we know it at present.

And—be it noted—the relationship between money wages and the cost of living is almost totally irrelevant to actual ability to pay.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Pre-Raphaelites

IN 1851, the year of Turner's death, English painting needed a revolution badly. In the land of Constable no artist had arisen to carry on and enrich the tradition; it was across the Channel that the good English seed was bearing its crop. Here Victoria was firmly on the throne, and her Academy was settling down to the profitable business of producing those nasty and not even efficient imitations of chromo-photographs which were to hold the market for the rest of the century. A rebellious movement was due; and the movement came. That it took the slightly ludicrous form of a sermon at a tea-party is not surprising nor of much account. What is surprising and rather a pity is that, the surface of a cup or two having been ruffled in the heat of argument presumably, a smear was left behind which to this day defiles British painting.

Let no one, however, in a mood of patriotic irritation, forget that intentionally the movement was most honorable. It was a revolt of spirit against matter. The Pre-Raphaelites, horrified by the smug banality of what passed with contemporary painters and their patrons for art, asserted, truly enough, that art was something which made much higher demands on both producer and spectator. For the best of these popular producers the best that could be said was that they were experienced cooks; for their patrons, that a few were knowing gluttons. On this replete and self-satisfied community burst the band of brothers, proclaiming that art was concerned with the sublimest states of mind, that to create it not all the blood and tears of the prophets were more than sufficient, and that to appreciate it even a man must be capable of intense and painful effort. Like the Impressionists later, they attacked the official schools, suspecting justly that these taught little but cooking, and for Mrs. Beeton inculcated a purely superstitious reverence. Wherefore, in early days (the Pre-Raphaelite movement, like all others, gradually lost with its passion its honesty) they were for a kind of simplification. Certainly they introduced technical processes as tedious and insignificant as the old; which is not surprising when one considers that to the Pre-Raphaelite mind industry and scrupulous attention seemed good in themselves. But the cuisine of oil-painting, inherited through Lawrence and Reynolds from the late Renaissance, they denounced and abandoned. To this extent they simplified. But to what end? Why, to make room for communication of course. Communication of what? Of great ideas, to be sure, of opinions, of moral and religious sentiments. Painters should do in line what Mr. Ruskin and Carlyle were doing in words. Perhaps it is not surprising, seeing that not one of them was really a painter—no, not Rossetti, who was a poet—that it should never have entered the head of a brother of them that what painters

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have to do is not to convey sentiments about morals and religion, but to create forms which have an emotional significance of their own.

The Pre-Raphaelites, having decided that they would not be as the popular men were, but would deal, like the poets and prophets, in high class notions, had no need to bother about choosing a spiritual field in which to operate. That was indicated by their era. England was in full romantic swing towards the age of faith, the middle age, as the more chronologically minded called it. Everywhere the faithful body of England was bursting out in those prodigious pustules known as nineteenth century Gothic—the only style of architecture, I venture to predict, which no future generation will ever take as anything but a lamentable joke. Could not the painters do their bit? To be sure they could; they could imitate the pictures of the fifteenth century. It is, I think, a notable fact, not in the history of art only, but in the history of the human mind, that there should have been an age—an active and prolific one—which felt no need for a style of its own but set itself passionately to copy that of another. Remark that the neo-Gothic architects did not attempt, as vulgar pasticheurs in every age attempt, by gingering up old forms to give themselves an air of being personal. They did not even pretend to express themselves: they simply copied. That they failed hopelessly to catch a likeness is neither here nor there. But what can have been in the minds of those Victorian men and women, intelligent and capable in many ways, who believed that a nineteenth century architect could genuinely express his peculiar temperament by copying a fourteenth century church? Or did they not believe in expression? Did it never enter their heads that to give a modern artist a picture by Botticelli and tell him to express himself in that was about as reasonable as to unwrap the mummy of Cleopatra and bid him take her to wife?

The Pre-Raphaelites themselves were not much troubled by these questions. They had no notion of using the forms of quattro cento painters to express plastic conceptions or provoke artistic emotions: like some modern psychologists, apparently, they had not heard that such things existed. They were going to use forms for greater ends, to convey ideas. They would use them as symbols, in fact. And this brings us abruptly to the heart of the matter, to what accounts for the importance of the Pre-Raphaelities to their age and country and their utter insignificance in the history of European culture. The Pre-Raphaelites were not painters; but they took life seriously. They took little joy in seeing, and less in the problems of plastic expression; they had neither pride of the eye nor a lust of paint. But they took an intelligent interest in the live intellectual questions of their day, they were concerned for the outcome of genuine spiritual issues. And because they were manual craftsmen they approached these questions from an angle slightly different from that of the writers, different enough, at all events, to make their views seem to the writers peculiar and interesting. Essentially the Pre-Raphaelites were didactic pamphleteers, minor poets or little historians: ask an admirer of their pictures to tell you exactly what he finds in one of them, and you will notice that all he has to say might just as well be said of a book. As for the Italian Primitives, with their passion for form and divine sense of decoration, they were good painters because they were good men. Ruskin had said it. Also some of them had painted on their knees; but few of the brotherhood, I believe, went so far as that.

From them, however, the Pre-Raphaelites learnt something which they made the centre of their dogma. The eighteenth century tradition of painting, which in France had been broken by David, while in England it was being developed and illustrated by Constable, was to paint broadly, which is only a technical way of saying that artists were concerned with their vision of things and not with each thing in its individual exactitude. There can be no doubt that the Primitives did try to paint things as they were, or rather as they believed they were, and not as they appeared. And in this the Pre-Raphaelites imitated them; only, whereas the Primitives subordinated their conscientious preoccupations to an æsthetic intention—to creating beauty—the Pre-Raphaelites subordinated theirs to an intellectual—to making statements.

Though the Pre-Raphaelites were silly they were not stupid. Now belief in representation, as the public understands it, is the infallible sign of a dolt: symbolism, on the other hand, is the natural refuge of any one who takes to art without being an artist. Be he ever so little an artist, the humblest illustrator of a tale called upon to render something mysterious going forward at the "witching hour" will try to express his sense of it by plastic means—by crude chiaroscuro or, if he be a little subtler, by some quality of line, mass or movement: the symbolist will set in a conspicuous position a clock with its hands firmly planted at twelve. That was the Pre-Raphaelite way; to that end they employed, or were pleased to suppose that they were employing, the manner of the Florentines—of the Florentines who never drew an arabesque without æsthetic intention. But, manifestly, when your object is to point a moral by recounting a tale, and when the intelligibility of a tale hangs most likely on a detail, a composition consisting of descriptive outlines is to be preferred to an intricate harmony of colors and volumes, from which an æsthetic intention can emerge, but amongst which the hands of a significant clock may well escape notice. As those rare Englishmen who have succeeded in finding for their vision a plastic equivalent have found it almost always in the bold manipulation of paint, the Pre-Raphaelites, as they niggled at their edges and outlines, were cutting loose from the national tradition.

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Had they painted good pictures, no one in his senses would have complained of that. But to achieve nothing, and set a bad example in the process, is to make the worst of both worlds unendurably.

The reason why the Pre-Raphaelite output is worthless is not that the band of brothers broke with the English tradition, nor yet that they tried to hitch on to the middle ages, but that the root of the matter was not in them. Not one of them was a painter: Rossetti was a poet with a sense of design, which shows itself occasionally in his water-colors; Ford Maddox Brown had a certain rude energy for which, not being an artist, he could devise no plastic equivalent. Taken as a group, for all their fine theories, they were not much superior, once they got brushes between their fingers, to the popular duffers they despised. Only they were conscientious and hard-working: they labored to represent faithfully the outlines of every detail in a given space; they never conceived that space as a plastic unity in three dimensions, with an æsthetic value of its own, to be rendered frankly in paint. What they all lacked was that peculiar and passionate reaction to the thing seen, which translates itself spontaneously into an artistic vision, and clamors for a form in which to exist independently. They lacked the reaction which sets all the machinery in motion, lacking which a man, though he produce innumerable pictures, will never create a work of art. That is why I say the root of the matter was not in them.

However, the bleak singularity of their canvases appealed strongly to the more serious and cultivated of their contemporaries and compatriots. These approved, partly because the Pre-Raphaelites by adopting a simulacrum of the Florentine style gave to their work a false air of precision and scholarship, partly because there seemed to be something admirable about their earnest pursuit of the fact, about the brittle dryness of their outlines, about the crowded emptiness of their compositions, and the elevating and instructive nature of their subjects. "La ligne c'est l'honneur, c'est la probité même," shrieked Ingres in a rage with Delacroix. Yes, but then the line of Ingres was expressive, that of the Pre-Raphaelites merely descriptive. Nevertheless, it was, I suspect, the moral quality of their line which gave them prestige with their contemporaries, and perhaps it is that, more than anything else, which gives them influence still. They passed for innovators and inventors, expressing the new spirit of a new age; while all the time Courbet was creating the art of the mid-century, while Manet and the Impressionists were starting a movement which was to modify the great European tradition of which it was to become a glorious part. But the sages of Chelsea and Hammersmith turned aside from the awful spectacle . . . or if they noticed, reprobated. These Realists and Impressionists were not only bad painters but bad men—bad painters rather because bad men. The Pre-Raphaelites stuck to their faithful details and didactic symbols; and they, too, left their mark.

On the European tradition they made not the slightest impression; but they are the unnatural parents of the English School in the later nineteenth and early twentieth century, and to this day their characteristics persist. Their influence has been powerful enough to put on the wrong track a number of promising young painters. English painting, such as it is, is broad and colored or nothing. Our paint is our patrimony. Was it not Constable who imposed color on France, liberating her artists from the tyranny of David? Wherefore, of the many reasons for being grateful to that gallant band of painters who compose the London group, I count not least their respect for the older tradition—the tradition of Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable—and their rejection of that Victorian incubus Pre-Raphaelism.

CLIVE BELL.

Washington Notes

VERY recently I have run across one or two little pieces of evidence that make me wonder whether after all this genial old gentleman, Mr. Frank Stearns, of whom we have seen and read so much around Washington and in the White House in the past two years, is not a whole lot foxier than he seems.

A long while ago the canniest of the correspondents and the most perspicacious of the politicians agreed that Mr. Stearns, the closest personal friend of Mr. Coolidge, the man who thought he would be President when everybody else thought he was a joke, was in no sense an adviser but merely a worshiper. A well meaning but muddle headed old fellow who had played the part of political angel to Mr. Coolidge since he was Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, on terms of closest intimacy with the Coolidge family, a permanent White House guest but neither desiring to be nor desired as an adviser—such was the general judgment. In confirmation thereof it is cited that Mr. Coolidge is often peremptory in his manner toward Mr. Stearns and never gives the least evidence of taking the old gentleman into consultation in important matters.

All of which does not take into account the fact that Mr. Stearns spends his days mixing with the newspaper men, the politicians, the applicants for office and the White House visitors and spends his nights—or a great many of them—upstairs in the White House library alone with the good Calvin. He does not of course advise him on the big economic and financial questions. On those it is the advice of Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover which is invariably taken—more Mr. Hoover these days than Mr. Mellon—but on other matters, political matters and patronage matters, Mr. Coolidge needs not so much advice as information. What he gets from Mr. Stearns at night is information—a report on the day, the gossip of the executive offices, comment and rumor.

All day Mr. Stearns scouts around and at night he reports. Upon these reports I am convinced a good many of Mr. Coolidge's smaller political acts are based and I am persuaded that the influence with the President of the affable old gentleman from Massachusetts with his friendly

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ways and matronly figure is considerably greater than is generally believed. The ostensible limitation of the relations between them is in my judgment as neat a bit of camouflage as one would want to see. It has certainly deceived some of our senior statesmen noted for their piercing political vision who have been rather disposed to brush Mr. Stearns aside as a more or less negligible quantity.

What I base my own belief on as to the fact that the old gentleman counts for more than he seems is personal knowledge of at least two instances where Mr. Stearns was entrusted by the President with private political missions of an extremely confidential nature, not dealing with small bore politicians but with the sixteen inch guns of politics so far as influence, standing and importance are concerned. None of these things get into the newspapers and none of them seem to have gained any considerable private circulation. It is certainly logical to believe that the two I happen to know about are not the only times Mr. Stearns has been thus used by his distinguished and noble friend. The point I am making is that everybody who plays and most of those who observe the merry game of politics here in Washington have discounted Mr. Stearns too much. The old boy has in a way put it over on them. I think it safe to say that he has more of the political confidence of the President than any other human being—and this does not except our pious friend William M. Butler, the well known textile manufacturer and yachtsman.

However, while I am on this subject of presidential political advisers, it may be well to mention two other Massachusetts friends of Mr. Coolidge of whom he sees—next to Mr. Stearns—more than any one else. They are "Ted" Clark and "Jim" White. I have for a long while felt that the daily press has by no means given to Mr. Clark and Mr. White the sort of appreciation to which their importance in the Coolidge circle really entitles them. Both, as Ring Lardner would say, are Massachusetts boys. When I say they are political advisers of the President I do not mean they walk in to him and say "Mr. President, we advise you to name so and so." That isn't the way anybody advises this President—in fact any President. The way to give him advice is to give him information. If you give him the right sort of information it is equivalent to advice because his action will be based on the facts as presented. That is what these boys do. Mr. Clark is the President's personal secretary. He used to be the late Senator Lodge's secretary and while Mr. Coolidge was Vice-President he was for a while, I believe, brought back to Washington to help him out. Before that—and after—he was, so I am told, in the employ of one of the great contracting firms of the country. An astute and highly agreeable person is Mr. Clark, far closer personally and politically to the President than his private secretary Everett Sanders, the former Indiana Congressman, who has never succeeded in getting really inside the Coolidge fortifications and who is obviously somewhat frightened of and abashed by the presidential curtness.

As to Mr. White, he is an old Massachusetts newspaper man and Republican politician who has in both capacities known Mr. Coolidge for a great many years. During the campaign Mr. White, I am told, performed prodigies of political work in confidential capacities in Washington, New York and Chicago. Since the election he has been engaged in the congenial occupation of running the Republican National Committee and directing Republican headquarters activities from this city. Senator Butler of course is the chairman but Mr. White does the work. He is the fellow the state leaders see when they come here—and he is the only one they want to see. Most of them would walk home rather than risk the frigidity of an interview with Mr. Butler himself.

Of Mr. White's standing at the White House all I can say is that no one is on terms of closer intimacy, always excepting dear old Mr. Stearns. Mr. White is one of the lads who gets up into the big library at night, smokes the presidential cigars and maybe once or twice a week talks politics with the Chief Executive. Need any more be said? Between his position in the National Committee, his closeness to Mr. Coolidge and his own knowledge of politics and popularity, Mr. White has far more power over here than he is given credit for. The correspondents and politicians who have discounted Mr. Stearns are making another mistake not to appreciate the water these other two Massachusetts boys draw around the White House. They are in the real inner circle. Make no mistake about that. Sanders is on the outside but not "Ted" and "Jim."

I have some corking good news for the Wadsworth family. Al Smith has made up his mind not to run for the United States Senate against Jimmie. At least such is the emphatic and convincing statement made by some of his very real and close friends who have recently talked things over with him and have subsequently drifted into Washington. Of course it may not be true, but I think it is. He will, so his intimates say, either not run at all or run again for Governor. The way they reason that out is this—if he runs for the Senate and beats Wadsworth it means relinquishing the Governorship to the Republicans. To his political friends all over the state the Governorship means vastly more than the Senatorship. They further argue that if Governor Smith proposes to make another fight for the presidential nomination in 1928 the Governorship is an even better jumping off place than the Senatorship. Moreover they say it will be an easier fight for him to be elected Governor again than to defeat Wadsworth for the Senate. How sound all this is I am not in a position to say, but I do know that the people who a few weeks ago were absolutely certain Smith would enter the Senatorial fight and would beat Jimmie are now just as confident he will not be a candidate for the Senate at all, which certainly ought to cheer up the entire Wadsworth entourage.

T. R. B.

Washington.

George Bellows

ABOUT ten years ago there came into prominence in America a race of artists who made a definite new departure by occupying themselves for the first time with the vulgar aspects of modern American life—or rather, by treating them for the first time in a style appropriate to them, a style derived from them. The painter began boldly to represent the American city in terms of its own crudeness and the writer to describe the people in their own language. What is especially characteristic of these men, and what differentiates them from their predecessors, is that they accept frankly the ugliness of their material at the same time that they confess their appetite for it. America had not lacked either corrosive critics or enthusiastic prophets: but what was new was the combination with a savage cynicism of an intimate sympathy and knowledge.

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Carl Sandburg was the poet of this generation; Leo Ornstein the composer; Sinclair Lewis the novelist; Mencken the satirist; O'Neill the dramatist; and The Liberator the journalism. George Bellows, who died last January, was as preëminently the painter.

The whole of George Bellows's work, of which a memorial exhibition is now to be seen at the Metropolitan, was dominated by the peculiar tone of this generation. The American followers of Whistler and of Sargent had as a rule aimed at delicacy or smartness. But, as a portrait by Bellows is already in a different world from a portrait by Alexander, so is even a New England group by Bellows in a different world from a similar subject by Charles Hawthorne, or a New York street by Bellows from a New York street by Pennell. In every canvas of Bellows we feel the muddy colors and the awkward shapes of industrial America. Instead of following the ordinary practice of portrait-painters in their attempts to render their sitters distinguished at any cost, Bellows seemed somehow to accept even the most charming of his as homely; and even the freest of his out of door pieces seem dulled by the smoke of the city. He gives an effect of intensifying his colors without really brightening them; the most violent of his greens and purples are garish rather than brilliant; and his June Day, his Polo at Lakewood and the summer mountains of his Picnic seem all threatened by the same turbid cloud which lowers at the back of his Approach to the Bridge—where, behind the bald and lumpy waste, the livid street lights, the solitary dray, the fragmentary stretch of cheap shops and the metal skeleton of the bridge, it looms frankly with the density and darkness of the city swarm. Not among the mirrors of northern lakes does his palette find its proper harmony, but in the dirty green waters of the Hudson, hemmed with railroad tracks and churned by cockney tugs, infested with ungainly adolescents bathing in the brassy August sun.

It may be that Bellows shared also with a number of the other artists I have mentioned a certain technical untidiness and an unsteadiness of grasp. These men were all dealing with material, and dealing with it from a point of view, for which there was, in America, no tradition. They do not always appear to know what they want to do, whether to produce a biting piece of journalism or a solid work of art. They seem sometimes to lack education and sometimes artistic intensity.

Reflections of this kind suggest themselves in connection with the career of Bellows—though it is hardly possible to pronounce on a man who died at forty-two and whose work shows a steady development. In any case, it is interesting to trace Bellows's evolution as it appears in the admirable selection of this memorial exhibition. One can see him plainly fortifying his structure and steadying his hand. His earlier paintings, for all their dash, seem sometimes a little hasty and thin—with the thinness of his master Henri. The satiric lithographs, of which the first, the Prayer Meeting, was made in 1916, seem to have derived most from the Caprichos and the Proverbios of Goya, of which the effectiveness depends less upon drawing than upon the boldly handled masses of light and shade. Goya flattens out and distorts; he leaves many things rough and vague which we should ordinarily expect to be clear. Thus Bellows, despite his considerable success in manipulating Goyan masses, did not profit in his imitation of Goya from the point of view of sureness of line, which is precisely what is least satisfactory in the earlier Bellows. Both his lithographs and his paintings of this period seem full of inaccuracies and lapses.

As Bellows progresses, however, he sets himself to remedy this deficiency. Compare the late prize-fight painting called Ringside Seats or the Dempsey and Firpo with the early picture of Sharkey's; or compare the painting of John L. Sullivan done in 1923 with the lithograph on the same subject of a much earlier date. The outlines have come to a sharp focus; the shapes are moulded neatly and compactly. The effect of the whole picture is much surer. It is only occasionally in the paintings shown here that one is obliged to regret the traces of a new influence under which Bellows seems to have come in his later life. No doubt it was the accuracy of Rockwell Kent's line which made it easy for him to affect Bellows; at any rate, toward the close of his life, he went through a veritable Rockwell Kent period. This phase, which produced an enormous number of Kentian lithographs and drawings, fortunately figures very little in the collection at the Metropolitan: it is chiefly represented by two lithographs, The Return to Life and The Journey of Youth. But the occasional tendency of the figures in Bellows's later paintings to resolve themselves into a system of hollow stove-pipes, or to take on the aspect of a company of long-limbed wooden marionettes, must be set down to the same account.

At worst, however, Bellows was able to tincture with a sharper personal flavor what tends to become insipid in Kent, as he had stained with a stronger reality what was superficial in Henri. And at his best, in his prize-fights and river-fronts, he left us what are so far the most successful memorials in painting of democratic industrial America fixing its eyes upon its own gross bulk and, though not yet understanding clearly from precisely what direction to approach it or by what molds it may be transmuted, recognizing it for the first time as a matrix of precious metal.

EDMUND WILSON.

The Schnitzler Play

The Call of Life, by Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Dorothy Donnelly. Comedy Theatre, October 12, 1925.

SCHNITZLER'S play is likely to be one of the significant things in a season not too promising, and long after seeing the production by the Actors' Theatre we may go on thinking of a peculiar brilliance and subtlety and of certain final defects.

The first act of The Call of Life is Schnitzler at his best. It has in its realism that kind of exciting exactitude and security of knowledge in which he of all modern dramatists excels. The scene of the old man, moving fast toward eighty, sitting there in his invalid's chair, with his daughter Marie opposite, is terrible and depraved to the last dregs but exhilarating to the limits of the theatre; it is at the same time entertainment, science and, by its high vibration, poetry. Mr. Egon Brecker's performance of this old man is only fair; however careful and laborious it may be, it is not so engaging, not so brightly fixed in the attention as acting must be to be really good. But it is saved by the activity of the detail that Schnitzler affords the character. Such meanness, such sexual twists, such jealousy, hate, determination and grim satisfactions as may inhabit so ugly an example of senility, his gloating over his own survival, his treasury of spites, his determination to enslave his daughter, her mother's child, and sap the life out of her, his malicious intuitions into the minds of the people around him, the daughter, the young lover, the doctor, everyone, his depraved passion for vitality, his weakness, his cunning,

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all these make up a portrait that leaves you absorbed and quivering.

Miss Eva le Gallienne plays the daughter all through this first act with a beautiful security and exaltation, without sentimentality, with great intensity and purity of method and means. Marie sits near the old man, exhausted with his tyranny. Outside there are cheers and marching regiments, then a silence from the crowd, broken only by the sound of the horses' feet—the Blue Cuirassiers are marching to their death, everyone knows that they have sworn never to return alive. In that regiment is the girl's lover, Max, who has expected her and to whom she has not gone. The regiment has taken this oath to die as an expiation of the flight of the Blue Cuirassiers a generation ago. The old man boasts that it was he who as captain turned them toward flight; it is he, then, who is sending them now to their death, these young men, while he still lives and will live when they are heaped into ditches and covered over with earth. He scents his daughter's resolution to slip away that night to her lover, craftily he locks the door and puts the key in his pocket. She gives him the whole bottle of the sleeping mixture, he falls dead, she runs off to her lover.

A finer and more absorbing act than this could scarcely be imagined, the writing of the old man's part and the playing of the girl's could not be better. The second act begins to fall off. In the young officer's rooms the lover thinks of Marie. His Colonel comes to the window. What he wants really is to know whether Max has betrayed him with his pretty young wife. Max lies to him. Marie slips into the room and hides herself. The colonel's wife—well played by Miss Rosalind Fuller, with the frank directness and dramatic clarity that are highly necessary in her short scene—comes to beg Max to escape with her. The Colonel trails her there and shoots her. Marie goes away with her lover. In the third act a month has passed. The Blue Cuirassiers have gone to their death, not gloriously, it seems, but because the Colonel had been mad with jealousy over the wife who despised him. The doctor, Mrs. Richter, old Moser's sister-in-law, the forester, the girl whom he had thrown over for Marie, and who has spent in debauchery the few months she had to live and come home now to die, the doctor, who loves Marie, these five meet at the Richter house in the country. The forester departs; the doctor is going to be with the army; Marie, who has wandered about with her father's death on her conscience and her one hour of love, will go as a nurse to the front; the daughter will die in her mother's arms.

That is the story. But by this time the play as we watch it seems to have gone to pieces. During the second act the performances of Mr. Derek Glynne as Max and of Mr. Stanley Kalkhurst as Albert, the young lieutenant whose mind rebels at the heroic nonsense of going to a sworn death, had already started things down hill with a vengeance. Mr. Glynne's throaty diction and his effect of turning everything into platitude, the dramatist included, and Mr. Kalkhurst's suggestion of blond athletic morality rather than any cerebral fire and precision, quite knocked the bottom out of Schnitzler's intentions. Furthermore Mr. Thomas Chalmer's Doctor Schindler had been all through the play a relaxing element. His personal quality was agreeable and he gave us a lovable and gentle figure of common sense, balance and the wise understanding that comes of love. But the doctor is more or less Schnitzler's own mouthpiece. The disillusion, the science, the wisdom, the gentle humanity, the high vision of courageous mind, these are the qualities that he must contribute to the sum of the drama, as well as those gentle traits of Mr. Chalmer's portrait. Miss Le Gallienne's conception for the last act was right, I think, and her first moments after her entrance were good. But the play by then was wretched and lost, the scene as it went threw her off, and she sank to mere effort and even once or twice to what was only a matter of making faces. Miss Katherine Alexander as the dying girl played well, but the atmosphere was against her also.

The production given to this last act of The Call of Life by the Actors' Theatre cuts down the play's success by half. What we get as we see it played is platitude, the same old business of the sentimental theatre, the dénouement of sacrifice, the erring lady all in white coming in a coach drawn by death, the balm of country peace, the heroine going to expiate as a nurse, the lovers wiser grown. The setting adds to the wrong. Mr. Jo Melziner's setting for the first act, the Victorian room, is very good indeed; his design for the house in the country is operatic, pretty and sweet and wholly undramatic to the idea of the scene. Miss Dorothy Donnelly's translation, admirable in the realism of the first act, grows trite and obvious in the love passages and in the loftier moments of the dialogue, and only serves to flatten the effect still further.

Schnitzler himself in the writing of this drama has not made the director's and the actors' problem any too easy. He has been indifferent to the technical demands of the last act and more interested in the mood. He has trusted in the mood and idea to a dangerous degree. From the vibrating realism of the first act he has passed to the pitch of a dream. Every one of these characters has risen into a certain rapture. They move in a region of alienation. In each of them there is an abnormal state of mind, an exaltation of spirit, a sublimation of all life in the midst of this high tranquil place with its silence and meditation. With the unity of this spell and ecstasy in all the characters who make up the final scene, we might get from Schnitzler's first act progressing toward his last, a certain transfiguration or ascension in quality. Without it this conclusion of The Call of Life is only very bourgeois, and, as Tennyson said to himself in a dream where he was kissed by the Prince Consort, very kind and very German.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Flapper Jane

SIR: I can tell Flapper Jane how to get even with Bruce Bliven if, after so long an interval, she remembers those two-way compliments he passed her in the issue of Sept. 9. Let her tell him that he needs to hear some discussion of modern psychology for parents, and bring him up to the first real Conference on Modern Parenthood, to be held at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, Oct. 26-28. It will do him good to meet mothers (and fathers, too) of flappers from Indiana and Kansas. The flappers of the West are very different from the flappers of the East; indeed, a Seattle matron (so gay is the life out in the wilds) will pass for a flapper in most parts of Boston any day. But it is valuable to know how flappers grow, and psychologists and educators are going to discuss children, and what parents ought to do with their children, at some very lively and informing sessions at this parents' gathering, which is being held under the auspices of the Child Study Association of America, Inc. The importance of the earliest years, the wonders and stress of adolescence, and the period when the youth confronts the world—all these will come in for consideration. Probably Dr. Beatrice Hinkle, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Angelo Patri, Miriam Van Waters and other speakers will be able to confound either Mr. Bliven or Flapper Jane herself. I'll be there, and if Mr. Bliven wants to speak, I'll see that he gets a chance.

New York City. WINTHROP D. LANE.

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The Britannica and F. H. Bradley

SIR: Mr. Cohen's statement (on page 148 of your number of September 30) that F. H. Bradley is not "noticed" in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica wrongs that already much maligned book of reference. Bradley is "noticed" seven times in the Britannica. Perhaps Mr. Cohen does not know that the twenty-ninth volume contains an index. Verb. sap.

SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN.

Boston.

SIR: Mr. Baldwin fails to discriminate between a notice of a man's career and incidental references to his various theories. Of course no contributor to the Britannica can write intelligently on philosophic subjects without mentioning Bradley's opinions. But that makes all the more inexcusable the failure of the editors to have any biographic notice of him. Worse yet. In the notice devoted to his half-brother, George G. Bradley (vol. 4, p. 373), almost all the members of the family are mentioned except the great philosopher. If this is not a failure to notice, Mr. Baldwin must be laboring under a strange sense of what words ordinarily mean.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

A Challenge

SIR: Here is a paragraph from Chapter VIII (On Education) of a high school text in Civics that I am writing. Will your generosity permit its appearing on your page of "Correspondence" to see if it annoys any one? If it does not, I must try to write more clearly.

> 24. *There is a general feeling that school teachers and college professors are underpaid.* But this is not true. Some teachers are overpaid and some are underpaid, but in the main, salaries cover service rendered. Teachers' salaries are low, but then, no great result is expected of them. The people of the United States get exactly what they demand in education, and they pay in full. The pity is that they do not demand more, but when they do, they must pay more. If all teachers' salaries were doubled, still, the grade of education demanded by that range of salaries would be far lower than the grade of amusement Americans now demand from actors, professional baseball players and prize fighters.

EZRA BOWEN.

Easton, Pa.

An Evil of Advertising

SIR: I admire the courage you have shown in publishing the article on Advertising by Stuart Chase.

There is one great evil which has resulted from advertising, which Mr. Chase did not mention. Before the days of universal advertising, goods were sold on reputation acquired through satisfactory service, and businesses were successful in proportion to this reputation. A merchant would handle only goods which he knew would be satisfactory, and he felt responsible for what he sold to his customers, for his reputation was his greatest asset.

Not so today, when business is based on advertising. The merchant is nothing more than an agent, or even an employe, of the big concerns that put over the sales through skilful advertising and force the merchant to sell the goods such as they are turned out "en masse." The merchant cannot select and choose any more than he allows the customer to do so, for all has to be sold, and usually one article is as bad as another.

One desirable article after another has disappeared from the market, simply because the profits, or supposed profits, are so much greater selling widely advertised articles in large quantities, than to sell goods which are sought by the customers individually because of their proven merit.

I believe this result of advertising is one of its greatest evils. Speaking generally, the goods we are now able to obtain do not fit our needs best economically or otherwise. Goods are made to sell, not to be used. This has been brought about by advertising largely, if not altogether.

Baltimore, Md.

R. REIMANN.

Commonwealth College Opens

SIR: Commonwealth College opened for its third academic year on Sept. 21, its formal opening taking place on the 27th, with a large attendance of neighbors, mainly farmers, all of whom seemed greatly interested in the success of the experiment it is carrying on to establish a school of higher education for worker youth based on the idea of self-maintenance of students and teaching staff.

Kate Richards O'Hare delivered the principal address, calling the attention of the workers and farmers to the vital necessity of establishing schools where their youth could be educated so as to fit them for the great work labor is destined to do in the near future. Mrs. O'Hare is in charge of the campaign of the United Garment Workers against prison-made goods and has spoken before scores of labor unions recently. Everywhere she has brought up the subject of education for workers by workers and of workers, and everywhere she has found all the unions deeply interested in the subject and the Commonwealth idea. She believes that within the coming year many unions will be backing Commonwealth to the limit of their powers and establishing other schools on its model. Everywhere, too, she has found liberals and progressives interested, and so the college begins its third year more hopeful and on a sounder basis than ever in its history.

All that is hampering the school today is lack of funds for capital equipment, but it is hoped that funds for this will soon be forthcoming. In the meantime, the college struggles on, as all new ideas and things must do if they are to live and be of worth.

Help comes to it in divers ways. Some friends send books, many of which are still needed, especially histories showing the development of labor throughout the centuries; some even send groceries, etc., all of which are welcome and help greatly, for the money thus saved can be used in completing the buildings and other necessary equipment.

It is, indeed, an interesting experiment in education, one I thought the readers of the New Republic would be interested in, hence this short letter.

COVINGTON HALL.

Mena, Arkansas.

LaFollette's Election

SIR: Your editorial in this week's issue concerning the results of the primary election in Wisconsin is misleading in two important particulars.

You state that Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., won an overwhelming victory in the primaries after the Coolidge Republicans had made "frantic efforts to defeat him."

That is not true. The Coolidge Republicans did not raise a finger to defeat him. The Republican National Committee did not send a single speaker into the state during the primary campaign, and when it was over, and an agreement on a single candidate might have solidified the opposition, the Republican National Committee informed local leaders that they did not have the time to help out in the campaign. Of course, Wisconsin regulars opposed him, because they would like to have the jobs now controlled by the Blaine machine.

You state, also, that in the election of young LaFollette the Senate will have a man whose "steadfast adherence to the principles to which his father's life was devoted" will improve the opportunity to fight against intrenched privilege.

Young LaFollette began his campaign by announcing that he is a candidate on the 1922 platform of his father, and not on the one which Senator LaFollette made his campaign last year, and which was ratified by 5,000,000 voters in the nation and 453,000 in Wisconsin. The platform which young LaFollette discarded contained more than mere denunciation of intrenched privilege. It proposed several genuine reforms, and, more important than all that, a promise of a new political alignment, without which, he said, popular government cannot survive in the United States.

When during the campaign his father's principles were denounced by the conservatives, it was the Socialists who defended them, while Bobbie LaFollette was employing the platform mannerisms of his father in order to make it appear that he was really adhering to LaFollette's views.

MARX LEWIS.

Washington, D. C.

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Castlereagh and Canning

The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh, by C. K. Webster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 598 pages. $7.50.

The Foreign Policy of Canning, by Harold Temperley. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 636 pages. $7.50.

THESE scholarly volumes, of which the former was reviewed in the New Republic for July 8, present the story of British foreign relations during the twelve important years from 1815 to 1827. The latter gains in momentum from the brilliant performance of its predecessor. The two great foreign secretaries dominated the period of liquidation of the Napoleonic empire, and the commanding position which Great Britain enjoyed during the nineteenth century was largely their work, built upon the foundation laid by Pitt in council chamber, and Wellington in the field. They laid up the inheritance which the prodigality and speculation of their heirs, from Palmerston to Rosebery, could not entirely dissipate. Their careers are curiously interwoven. They divided the hopes of the Tory party in the years after the death of Pitt. They were both in the cabinet, Castlereagh as Secretary of War and the Colonies, and Canning as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In 1809 recriminations over the failure at Walcheren led to a duel between them and the retirement of both from the ministry. In 1812 on the death of Perceval, Castlereagh became Secretary for Foreign Affairs in Lord Liverpool's cabinet, but with some magnanimity offered to turn over the office to Canning provided he should remain as leader of the House of Commons. Canning, however, refused anything less than the "whole inheritance"; and only returned to the cabinet in 1816, to leave it again in 1820. On Castlereagh's death in 1822 he succeeded as by divine right to the direction of foreign affairs and the arbitership of Europe for which his rival had prepared the way. Castlereagh died by his own hand, his mind having given way under the incessant strain and toil of office. Canning, after five years of triumph, succeeded Lord Liverpool as Premier to die of overwork after a brief period—"the hundred days of Canning," as Metternich called it.

Both volumes, moreover, gain something in the way of human and dramatic interest by virtue of the contrast between their subjects. Castlereagh and Canning were both typically English in the sense that we cannot conceive of either of them as belonging to any other race; but in character and behavior they were opposites. There is an unforgettable portrait of Castlereagh, drawn by William Hazlitt in his essay on The Look of a Gentleman. He speaks of his "bold, licentious, slovenly, lounging appearance"—"his flowing outline, his broad free style." "It might be said of him without disparagement that he looks more like a lord than a gentleman. He sits in the House of Commons with his hat slouched over his forehead and a sort of stoop in his shoulders as if he cowered over his antagonists like a bird of prey over its quarry—hatching vain empires." Castlereagh was not a good speaker, he was satisfied to lead the House of Commons by authority without oratory. Canning was vivacious and spectacular where Castlereagh was indifferent and restrained. He combined a stateliness of bearing with high personal charm. One of the anti-Jacobin group, he had a reputation as a wit to live up to and live down. His colleagues were peculiarly his targets; Westmoreland, Lord Privy Seal, he called le sot (sceau) privé; and when a certain Wynn, who had a shrill voice, stood for Speaker of the House, Canning declared that he should address him as Mr. Squeaker. This did not help Canning's career, nor did his low birth on his mother's side (an actress!) Moreover, he had been wounded in body and still more in reputation by Castlereagh's bullet; and he was on the wrong side in the question of the divorce of the Queen. But he was an orator with power such as few men have had to sway the House of Commons, and he was one of the first English public men to address the constituencies outside.

It had been Castlereagh's task to aid in the reconstruction of Europe at the Congress of Vienna, to insure that work by subsequent conferences in which he dealt personally with Metternich and Alexander I, and above all to prevent this "concert of Europe" from becoming merged with the Holy Alliance. He stood vigorously against the efforts of the latter to intervene in the affairs of other nations in order to preserve the sacred doctrines of monarchy and legitimacy. Canning was more opposed to the Holy Alliance than Castlereagh; and far less respectful of its pretensions. The definite separation of British policy from that of the Allies came at the Congress of Verona on the question of giving France a mandate to invade Spain, overthrow the constitution and restore the King to absolute power. When this occurred Canning took steps to limit the reaction to Spain itself, and preserve the freedom of her revolting colonies. In Portugal and Brazil he restored British influence and prestige, sending troops to the former to check Spanish encroachments. In the Near East, he gave freedom to Greece without sacrificing Turkey to Russia. In short, Canning was one of the line of insular statesmen, of whom Cromwell was not the least, who have not hesitated to dictate to Europe. Among the directions given to Wellington, who represented Great Britain at Verona, was one to inquire into the persecutions of the Vaudois in Piedmont, and "to endeavor to obtain assurance for toleration of their worship and respect for their privileges as the British government have in former times thought it their right and duty to require." This tone, sharpened at times by irony, Canning preserved in his addresses to the great as well as the lesser powers. Naturally he was the idol of the marketplace and boulevard; and while he shared responsibility for the repressive policy of the Liverpool cabinet he escaped its unpopularity by virtue of his liberal policy abroad. On the question of reform he assured Parliament that he meant to oppose it to the end of his life; but he likewise asserted with his flamboyant eloquence: "I would not prohibit other nations from kindling their torches at the flame of British freedom."

It is the account of Canning's South American policy which will interest cis-Atlantic readers most in Mr. Temperley's volume. Canning approached Richard Rush, the American minister, in regard to joint action in respect to recognition of the South American republics and their protection from the Holy Alliance. Rush communicated the suggestion to Adams who appropriated it as the Monroe Doctrine. For a moment South America was ablaze with gratitude to the United States, but when the new republics inquired what tangible benefits accrued to them they were disillusioned. Even Henry Clay had to admit that the Washington administration could promise nothing definite in the way of assistance or protection. Meanwhile Canning with a freer hand could and did, with the result that he could rise to his oratorical triumph in the House of Commons with the sentence: "I called the New World into existence to redeem the balance of the Old."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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B. G. Goodhue

Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue: Architect and Master of Many Arts. Edited by Charles Harris Whitaker. New York: Press of the American Institute of Architects. 50 pages; 273 plates. $30.

THE death of Mr. B. G. Goodhue last year got little more than a passing note from the press; yet, if he was not the greatest architect of his generation, he was assuredly the most promising; and had he been given as little as five years more in which to carry on his development the leadership in American architecture might have definitely passed away from the adapters and pasticheurs. The present book of appreciations, from many sources, and of illustrations which cover the whole span of Mr. Goodhue's work, is a generous tribute to his memory; and I trust it will only be the prelude to further appreciations and criticisms, not the least of which should be the biography which the present editor, Mr. C. H. Whitaker, is singularly well qualified to write.

What was Mr. Goodhue's career; and what was the special promise of its last phase?

Bertram Goodhue was one of those self-made men who have the good fortune to seize the living kernel of culture, without attempting to draw nourishment from the husks and wrappings that are so carefully preserved in academic halls. With a small amount of tutoring, and no collegiate work, he entered the office of James Renwick, the leading exponent of the gothic revival in America; and his professional training lay in the day's work. Samuel Butler once said that there was a higher level of cooking in the dining halls of Oxford and Cambridge than elsewhere; in fact, the cooking was better than the curriculum; but then, they had no professorships of cooking, and the cooks learnt their trade in the kitchen. With all the possibilities for narrowness that apprenticeship carries with it, a good mind will probably be less handicapped by its methods than by the superficial know-it-all-ism of the professional school; and Mr. Goodhue carried to the end of his days a happy, and I think justifiable, contempt of the purely bookish and formal preparations upon which so much of the emphasis in scholastic work naturally falls. At all events, his training under Renwick left Mr. Goodhue with an inner freedom he always kept; and though for a time he turned from architecture to various departments of ornamental design, lured by the beauty of his own draughtsmanship, he never apparently lost the sense that the architect is primarily a builder, rather than a fashion-plate artist. In his bookplates and type designs one sees how great must have been the inner temptation to become an ornamentalist; and the fact that in later life he turned further and further from mere ornament, and jealously guarded himself from indulgence, is the mark of his free and critical mind.

The career of Mr. Goodhue was that of a rocket. There was first the long upward slope through the conventional styles. This development was fostered by his association with Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, and it resulted in buildings done in a well-considered English "gothic," picture book architecture, it is true—but what a picture book! The chief monuments of this period are the new buildings at West Point, St. Thomas's Church, and the Church of St. Vincent Ferrer in New York. With visits to Spain and Persia Mr. Goodhue became more eclectic; and, misled by his delight in color and ornament, he designed the San Diego Exposition in a singularly gracious Spanish Renaissance. Fine as the exposition was, these designs were a contribution to chaos, and they are not a little responsible for making "Spanish Renaissance" the official style of our California and Florida realtors. With the San Diego exposition Mr. Goodhue had reached the crest of his flight: had he died at that time he would have lingered feebly in our minds as a merely cultivated architect, distinguished by tact and delicacy and good taste, but after all in the same category as the X's and Y's. Just at the climax of conventional success, the rocket burst; and a shower of buildings broke forth —the design for the Nebraska State Capitol, for the Los Angeles Public Library, and for certain unaccepted office buildings—which threw a new light over the dull, competent mediocrity of the architectural scene. What had happened? What was the basis of this change?

"I hold," wrote Mr. Goodhue, "that while architecture should represent a decent reverence for the historic past of the art, that we should only ignore our rightful heritage for the most compelling reasons, and that one of these compelling reasons is the invention of steel-frame or reinforced concrete construction; that this form of construction does abrogate all known forms—at least definite constructive forms such as columns or arches; that it is not enough that a building should be beautiful, it must also be logical." Does this seem a simple and inevitable conclusion? To a disinterested observer, perhaps; but to architects who have spent laborious schooldays learning the proportions of ancient forms, it was a declaration of anarchy and barbarism: it threatened to nullify most of the annotations they had so painfully made in their architectural Baedekers: it placed triple stars alongside unnoticed factories and schools, and it erased the Ahs! and Ohs! which had been attached to many an undistinguished but accurately measured model from antiquity. To the ordinary practitioner, reverence for the past means fixation and safety: the "past" is to them what the Constitution is to a political reactionary. To Goodhue, reverence for the past meant a furtherance of life, a continuation, a development. It was a veritable counsel of imperfection.

Most of the modernists in architecture have striven for a new principle of expression. Mr. Goodhue, apparently, was willing to let conventional means of expression through painting and sculpture achieve once more a coeval place in building, if only he could carry through, in the structure itself, a rigorous logic of forms. In other words, instead of making the building itself take the place of sculpture and painting, as modernists like Erich Mendelsohn in Germany attempt, Mr. Goodhue's aim was to provide an architectural solution which would give a higher intensity to such original painting and sculpture as remained. His description of his desires, in a letter to Mr. Paul Cret, is also a description of the method he partly pursued in the Nebraska State Capitol:

"I should like," he wrote, "to be merely one of three people to produce a building, i. e., architect, painter, sculptor. You see what I mean; I should like to do the plan and the massing of the building; then I should like to turn the ornament (whether sculpture or not makes no difference) over to a perfectly qualified sculptor, and the color and surface decoration (mural pictures or not as the case may be) to an equally qualified painter. . . . In this way only can we get rid of meaningless ornament drawn by some thoroughly educated and well-intentioned draughtsman and carved by some "labor-union" carver who has no sympathy with, or understanding of, the meaning of what he is doing."

It was in this way that the curious miracle of the State Capitol at Lincoln grew: Mr. Lee Laurie, the sculptor, an

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intimate co-worker with Goodhue, freed himself partly from his own gothic precedents; so that now, in the midst of the prairie, a new kind of building has reared its head, with a tower as lithe as a skyscraper, and a low mass of offices and chambers, enriched and intensified not by eggs and darts and guttae and frets, but by original sculpture. Here is a building that "expresses" what is fine in America, as the greedy chaos of the metropolitan business district does not; a building that is modern in its plastic simplicity, in its rigorous use of modern methods of construction, yet traditional in the sense that its enjoyment requires no fresh æsthetic revaluation. Yet the Capitol was only a beginning; with all its originality it still shows annoying vestiges of earlier standards of form. How difficult it was for Mr. Goodhue to shake himself free one sees in the conventional elaboration of the first design for the Los Angeles Public Library: in the last design, however, one sees at the same time the reward that awaited the fresh effort, for as soon as Mr. Goodhue thought functionally of the building, he discarded the commonplace dome and raised a tower which would provide needed stacks for future books—and in that last design simplicity and beauty live. "A building must not merely be beautiful; it must be logical." This perception is what separates him from the minor poets in building who work over the old rhythms and rehash the old metaphors, quite as far as it separates him from his more businesslike colleagues whose logic recognizes no other necessity than commercial profit or bare technical expediency. With Mr. Goodhue originality was not a birthday gift: it was the end of a long search; and one recognizes in his death the hardship described by Bernard Shaw in Back to Methuselah, that a man should die just when he has begun to master the art of thought and expression.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

On the Firing Line of Science

Social Psychology, by Knight Dunlap. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. 261 pages. $4.

A Theoretical Basis of Human Behavior, by Albert P. Weiss. 428 pages. Columbus, Ohio: R. G. Adams and Company.

BEFORE Americans abroad begin apologizing for Tennessee they should read a little of what passes for psychology upon the shelves of their enlightened hosts. It will buck them up. We are inclined to feel most particularly chagrined over the antiquity of the Darwinian issue. If America must be the scene of obscurantism, we say to ourselves, why can't it be at least contemporary obscurantism? But the answer to this question is obvious: America is the scene of contemporary obscurantism. Every country is. The most effective obscurantism is always the resistance to ideas that are not only contemporary but futuristic and therefore (as anyone can see) subversive and unsound. If evolution is not precisely an open question among the most enlightened people of foreign lands, neither are the farmers of Tennessee and their allies in the Ku Klux Klan and the Baptist Church precisely the most enlightened people in America. What is extraordinary here, as at least one perspicacious critic has pointed out, is not that uneducated people should cleave to Genesis, but that such elements should be able to give political force to any of their opinions —a political phenomenon of which even enlightened Americans have sometimes been known to boast. If, on the other hand, the traveling American wishes to put the open-mindedness of the most intelligent foreigners to the test let him ask them what they think of behaviorism.

He must be prepared to discover that most Europeans have never heard of it. But this circumstance must not be held against them. It has not been the habit of Europeans to bend their eyes in this direction, and, after all, what's in a name? Perhaps their writers have employed another terminology. In all fairness, therefore, he must be prepared to indicate the salient features of his theory. Incidentally, evolution (which has just been the subject of his host's airy badinage) will make as good a point of departure as another. If we are going to take evolution seriously, it would seem to follow not only that man is descended from the "lower" species, but that he is analogous to them in all biological fundamentals, differing only with respect to his hands, his posture, his nervous structure, and so on. Should any principle of explanation be admitted in the case of man which is not employed upon his parents? The presumption is that it should not.

At this point the European will politely ask if we refer to the soul, and we shall reply, exactly. We may suppose, if we like, that the soul, or its synonym, is one of the features of the evolutionary process. But in that case we have postulated its presence among the lower animals, just as the human hand is present down through the geological strata to comparatively low reptilia. The striking fact is that apart from our presumption of spiritual evolution, we do not in fact have any data upon the configuration of the souls of even the mammalians. This has suggested to psychologists (especially in America) that the human data be re-examined, and they have proceeded to re-examine it, with the result that they have concluded that the scientists have been led astray partly by their obvious human prejudices, but partly by the large amount of self-experimentation that has gone into the making of psychology. Because self-experimentation is a different thing from experiment upon another, psychologists have fallen easily into the assumption that its resulting observations are correspondingly unique, and have given them various names to emphasize that point. But the phenomena observed are much what any one can observe in an animal or another man. They refer to various bodily changes and adaptations. Consequently these psychologists have proposed to abandon the presumption that different principles can be seen at work in human behavior from those observable in the animals (since the presumption seems to be founded not on data but on terminology) and to use a terminology in describing human behavior which is strictly evolutionary.

By this time it will have become sufficiently apparent that our host regards the new American psychology as a shallow quibble by which the most important facts concerning mankind's essential nature are shuffled out of existence and a caricature substituted, the animality of which is an outrage upon the finest feelings of civilization and the most sacred beliefs of religion. Let us be urbane about it. Possibly he is right. Possibly Mr. Bryan was right. But in such cases it is not amiss nevertheless to read a book or two on the subject of the new heresy.

As it happens, we have just the books, the season's offering in the new psychology. Neither is definitive nor as crushingly comprehensive as The Origin of Species. It may even be doubted if psychology has reached its Darwinian period. These volumes represent the Lamarckian foreshadowings of an evolutionary science. But their drift is nevertheless unmistakable. Both authors are well known at least to American psychologists. Professor Weiss is an orthodox behaviorist in the sense that he has accepted the name as well

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as the assumptions by which behaviorism has been known for fifteen years or so through the writings of Dr. John B. Watson. Indeed, though he is not so brilliant a writer and controversialist as the acknowledged head of the behavioristic school, he has in some respects a more theoretical mind and so is justified in the use of the phrase he has incorporated into his title. For several years he has been busy with the definition of the behaviorist position, distinguishing carefully the differences which mark it off from other contemporary movements in psychology, and consolidating its chief conceptions into a defensible scheme of thought. His book is therefore likely to be considered the most careful survey of the assumptions and implications of the new psychology which has yet been published by an avowed behaviorist.

There need be no confusion over the fact that Professor Knight Dunlap is not an avowed behaviorist, but has preferred rather to call the matter of his interest "scientific psychology." Whatever the circumstances have been that have led him to dissociate himself from the behaviorist "school," they do not affect his basic assumptions. Perhaps Professor Dunlap has been repelled by the contentiousness of the avowed behaviorists, though that seems hardly probable in the light of his own diatribes upon the short-comings of psycho-analysis. More probably he has simply not cared to wear a label, or to expose his science to the possibility of being cramped by premature commitment to an orthodox terminology. Whatever the reason may be it certainly is not a tender-minded weakness for ancient loyalties. No more violent aspersions upon the soft-headedness of traditional psychology are anywhere to be found than in the writings of Professor Knight Dunlap, nor any greater eagerness to purge psychology of every trace of those literary locutions which are the bane of clear thinking about human nature.

In the introduction to his book Professor Weiss remarks of all these matters of common speech against which a scientific psychology has to struggle that in the end psychology will participate in a general redefinition of the whole range of human interests, and that in such a redefinition much that has been fondly cherished will be swept away. It will then appear that our moral aspirations have been adulterated with illusion no less freely than our physiography, and as these yearnings are certainly of far greater human importance than any detail of astronomy or geography, innovations affecting them will therefore be resisted with corresponding fervor. If this is true the fun between science and religion has only just started, and those who went to Dayton to scoff may live to pray forgiveness for not seizing the earliest opportunity of scotching the scientific serpent. But in any case it is clear that the new movement in psychology is leading directly into the scientific study of the social life of man. That popular language which Professor Weiss deplores is the language of civilized life. To meet its challenge psychology is under the necessity of analyzing not only man at rest but man in action in civilization.

This is commonly called social psychology, though the name has somewhat preceded the reality. Very little, at least, that could be called scientific social psychology has yet emerged, in spite of the steady succession of books upon the subject. As men, students know too much about social activity, as scientists too little. Thus they either write much too fluently or not at all. Professor Weiss, for example, has practically nothing to say about the manifold activity of civilized life. His chapter on motivation is just four pages long. Thus he feels that the real problems of psychology are those which it will have to face when, after shaking itself free of clinging traditions, it faces the difficulties of explaining affairs and the preoccupations of man in society. But he himself is preoccupied wholly with the preparation. Professor Dunlap, on the other hand, writes with extraordinary fluency and charm, with a richness of illustration and a mordancy of wit for which his earlier writings had hardly prepared us. But what he has to say is what any intelligent and disillusioned man might say about the triumphs and pretensions of the society of men. He is clever and caustic, penetrating and uniformly entertaining. His pages are as readable not only as any existing text-book of psychology but as any of the essays upon the cultural scene which grace the pages of the greener and more pungent periodicals. But it is not scientific psychology. Indeed, it appears not even to try to be. The autho writes frankly as an essayist rather than as an analyst. His delight in disillusionment has entirely replaced the more humdrum interest of the theorist in the categories of human behavior.

This suggests, of course, that no theory is established by the width of its departures from commonplace belief. For travelers of an adventurous disposition it will be enough that one American science at least is able to shock Europeans. But they, and we, must continue to recognize that this alone does not establish these theories.

C. E. Ayres.

Probing Innerlichkeit

Arnold Schönberg, by Egon Wellesz. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 159 pages. $2.25.

IT has been a favorite principle of the supporters of Arnold Schönberg that he more than any other composer has broken with the traditions of music, and beaten for himself and the future a new path. Some of his disciples would have us believe that like Siegfried he has learned the language of nature which his poorer fellow men can understand only from his lips. Others, like Egon Wellesz, a pupil of Schönberg and a composer in his own right, are more moderate. They admit that although its topmost branches sweep the Olympian heights of absolute individuality, Schönberg's art has its roots in the ground of the past.

Mr. Wellesz says in the introduction to his compact and authoritative study of the music of Arnold Schönberg:

> It has been [my aim] to show from what sources he has drawn in the course of his development; how his personality has gradually expressed itself, and how he has attained complete mastery of his work with the means handed down from the past, though infinitely widened; furthermore, how he, completely dominating those means, has discarded all that was merely traditional, and, listening to the voice within him, has thus found his way into a new world of music, the wonderful extent of which only few as yet have recognized along with him.

The doctrine of perfect individuality has injured the cause of Schönberg. The world finds it difficult to understand what has no counterpart, and is all too willing to interpret independence as insanity. What is more, the doctrine is false. Although he may not intend so, Mr. Wellesz in his study must convince the careful reader that far from being an isolated phenomenon in the history of music, Schönberg has followed directly in the line of the German lyricists, and stands on the ground of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, Strauss, and, perhaps most of all, Mahler.

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The spirit of this lyricism in its extreme form is aptly suggested by Professor John Dewey:

> It does seem to be true that the Germans, more readily than other peoples, can withdraw themselves from the exigencies and contingencies of life into a region of Innerlichkeit which at least *seems* boundless; and which can rarely be successfully uttered save through music, and a frail and tender poetry, sometimes domestic, sometimes lyric, but always full of a mysterious charm.

The "region of Innerlichkeit" is familiar territory for Schönberg, who is imbued even beyond all Germans with the tragic sense of life. There is not a line of his music which would not seem to have been inspired by the words of Richard Wagner,

> Sehnsucht, Sehnsucht, unstillbares, ewig neu sich gebärendes Verlangen—Schmachten und Dursten; einzige Erlösung: Tod, Sterben, Untergehen—Nichtmehrerwachen.
>
> (Longing, longing, unquenchable desire, reproducing itself forever anew—thirst and drought; sole deliverance: death, dissolution, extinction—never more awakening.)

At the start of his career, as Mr. Wellesz describes, Schönberg followed in the footsteps of Brahms and Mahler the song writers. Always he has been preoccupied with the expressive power of the voice and the melodic line. Pursuing enharmonic tendencies of the super-contrapuntal Strauss, he gradually cast off the restraint of clear key feeling, or tonality. For him the intensely expressive melody is everything. In his later years he has made every voice, whether human or instrumental, a personality. To hear his Serenade (composed in 1923) is to hear a half dozen unblended solo instruments sing the sorrows of frail humanity crushed between the harsh circumstances of an inhospitable world and the heavy mystery of a lugubrious Beyond. Even Schönberg's good humor is a melancholy affair.

Mr. Wellesz is confident in the future of his master. Schönberg is "in advance of his time," and, simply enough, time will catch up with him. Yet one must doubt whether a non-German world that cannot grow accustomed to the seriousness of Gustav Mahler will ever sympathize with the even more stringent temperament of Arnold Schönberg.

The Schönberg technique reflects this temperament in every measure. Audiences find it hard to fathom his music because it never comes out of its mystic depths. Schönberg offers no relief. In his complex scores every voice sings a personal song. For understanding his music demands unremitting restraint and severe attention. Pierrot Lunaire with its twenty-one verses of agonized ecstasy, the D minor quartet with its forty-five minutes of continuous intricacy, Die Glückliche Hand with its laborious hyper-symbolism are not for the impatient or the unsympathetic. It is difficult to make a Schönbergian by submitting a man to the composer's music. One must be born with the proper attitude, or study very hard.

Egon Wellesz is a disciple of the Viennese modernist on both these counts. His enthusiasm for his master is all but infectious. Nevertheless he has been a good critic, and has used his pen mostly for careful description of Schönberg's personality and his individual works. The Schönberg mystery is gradually being dispelled, although performances of his compositions are still too rare. In the process of enlightenment Egon Wellesz's book is capable of taking a large part.

ALEXANDER FRIED.

Ghosts, a Donkey, and Some Baffled Lovers

Fishmonger's Fiddle, by A. E. Coppard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THREE Barnover men died, and died badly too, within a month of each other"—the new Coppard volume strikes its characteristic gait in the opening sentence. One thinks of nobody else who can begin a story with this peculiarly beckoning accent, the accent of an accomplished gossip who is completely sure of the audience gathered intimately about him, and who has been reminded only the moment before of a bright strange little tale that he has plucked out of the very earth somewhere, the wet soil, English country soil, still clinging to its roots. This first story, Old Martin, is a beautiful example of Mr. Coppard's talent for presenting slightly shuddery extravagances in so confidential and amusing a manner that you at once throw overboard the criteria of a lifetime and accept him to the last word. "My hair was just grass and my elbows were stiff and chill as the handle of a jug," interestingly confides the huntsman who has seen the drunkard's ghost—the ghost of "a very strong murderous man, sir." It is not of course the solid verities of noon that a reader most willingly believes in.

"Isn't that an odd tale?" you think you hear the story-teller's own voice demand as he abruptly finishes. "If you'll believe me, I know of one even stranger." And he begins again. Like this:

"Bright? Yes, it was bright. The sun's come up like a fire coal this morning," said Alice Brady.

These beginnings have a deliciously casual and irresponsible sound. And the shorter stories of this new group, such as Italian Whirligig, Dumbledon Donkey, The Snare, keep to the same engaging tone throughout. The teller of the tale is detached from the material he offers, he is even as surprised by it as you are, yet while he assumes that you are one with him as to the charming little absurdities that all his situations abound in, he never quite consents to share with you the secret and possibly not quite mentionable significance of situation or character. Formulate the significance unaided, if you insist on having it.

Probably what has fascinated us all in Coppard from the beginning is his emancipation from the conventions of fiction-writing—those of the moment, no less than those of yesterday. Life does not present itself to this extremely zestful observer as a mere repetition of patterns. And if he has any individual interpretation of the universe, he is almost unnaturally free from the urge to impose it. A rarely genuine artist, as goes without saying, entirely sure of himself and master of his material, even to the least detail of those pretty trickeries that have so misleadingly artless and accidental an air. And his is so definite an individuality, in spite of its Irish tinge, that you are a little surprised to note the entirely natural evidences of his heredity.

There's a vein of Dickens in him, and a vein of Hardy. It's the Hardy vein that crops out in such a tale as The Watercress Girl, a quite terrible little story of passion to which Coppard's gifts are adequate. There is something beyond analysis in the power that can make a woman who has successfully thrown vitriol in the face of an innocent rival seem understandable, even sympathetic. Simpler in intention, and suggestive of Tchekov's Darling—the woman

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who reflected the personalities of a succession of husbands—is the story it has pleased its author to call Fishmonger's Fiddle. Young Maxie Morrisarde, the child of "a black serge father and a mother full of hymns," after being deserted by her husband is taught by overshadowing relatives so to fear the word divorce that she dares not free herself, even with a delightful fiddle-playing lover standing expectant at the door. She should stand as the permanent perfect type of the tragically docile woman. And there is a balance for her in that ruthlessly typical figure of The Higgler, creature of amiable and base timidities, incapable of passion, of loyalty, even of bold opportunism.

Yet Coppard can go wrong. He goes wrong in The Jewel of Jeopardy, even to the very title. Having set himself too rigid a theme, that easy conversational manner of his becomes charmless, the lovely ripples of his rhythm stiffen. It sounds, in fact, like an early story unsuccessfully made over. And The Little Mistress, too, falls short of exercising a complete spell.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

The War of Schools

Contemporary Techniques of Poetry: a Political Analogy, by Robert Graves. London: The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MR. ROBERT GRAVES has written an extremely entertaining essay describing the methods and purposes of the opposing forces in contemporary English poetry. He finds that the schools are mainly three, and their theories and practices may conveniently fall into pretty close analogy with the present state of British politics; thus, they are Conservative, Liberal, Radical: Right, Centre, Left. Mr. Graves disclaims the honor of having compiled "an authoritative Who's Who of modern poetry"; yet he classifies almost every name, except those that for some reason resist classification. Mr. Yeats, for example, is rather unsatisfactorily excluded as being Irish and beyond the reach of British political ideas. The critical limitations of Mr. Graves's form of discussion, which omits the characters whose behavior fails to advance his plot, are immediately clear. Mr. Yeats may be outside British political analogy; but that he is a British poet subject to critical inquiry as such Mr. Edmund Wilson has brilliantly proved.

Mr. Graves nevertheless would be among the last to offer mistaken pretensions for his interesting and valuable history. As a historian he has for the main part confined himself to description of the violent differences among the factions—their respective notions about the authentic English tradition, whether the tradition calls for rhymed or rhymeless verse, or mixed; whether it enjoins high sentiment or merely sceptical perception of an allegedly shifting reality, or a Liberal compromise; so on. Perhaps no other Englishman is so well prepared for this task as Robert Graves, whose own verse, from its Central beginnings to the Sinistral experiment. The Feather Bed proves him to be an authority in the tenets of at least two of the parties he describes.

But his infrequent explanatory comment on the historical facts is somewhat less convincing.

> The claim of the Left is . . . that all attempts to make English prosody conform with classical prosody . . . are against nature.

It isn't quite certain that the Left would put its claim in this way; that it would appeal to the simplicity in the term "nature" without questioning the excessively ambitious program of criticism implied in it. Elsewhere Mr. Graves has investigated the psychological foundations of poetry, presumably toward a solution of its ultimate problem in metaphysics: what are the a priori conditions of poetry—what poetry, out of the vacuum of personality, is metaphysically *true?* Most critics of the Left would probably pursue a more modest inquiry as a leading critical method, and attempt to support their clients' apparent vagaries of conduct with citations from neglected strains of the tradition, the late Elizabethans and the lyricists of the seventeenth century, with the French Symbolists measured, also, as an influence.

ALLEN TATE.

Recent Fiction

Suspense, by Joseph Conrad. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

SUSPENSE is not Conrad at his best. If it did not appear to us as his last novel, we should probably put it near the bottom of his list. If we could forget, as we read it, that it was a sort of last speech to us, broken off in the middle, and therefore calling up loyalties and affections which have no right to share its seat with judgment, we should not hesitate to find it by comparison a little thin and forced, a little diluted, even a little bloodless. There is a slowness of movement, a mildness in coming to the point, which is different from the old Conrad habits of careful attack and deliberation. The characters seem to have been assembled by bits, with no little effort, and are at times as courageously, likably featureless as the heroes and heroines of ever so many historical romances. And yet one comes in sight of the end of this book, which was not meant to be its end, with a regret separate from one's feeling about the end of its creator. A story was promised us, and begun for us, too good to remain unfinished. Gradually we were closing in about Napoleon, with appetites whetted by a tiny half-page where we see him and hear him talk. But that short description and those few words are the best in the book. Except for the last lines of all, which have been spoiled and will be again, by forcible excision for the purpose of a blurb.

R. L.

Dr. Transit, by I. S. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

VIOLENT polemics, literary and moral, are bound to follow the publication, by Boni and Liveright, of the violent and outrageous fairytale Dr. Transit, by I. S. Brutal in imagery as in event, the story deals with metamorphosis by white magic—"the myth of Science"—in which nature is reversed and death itself assaulted. The manner of the telling is an equal assault upon all the proprieties, stunning in more than one sense, although no overwhelming shock to perceptions unstrung by Joyce, Cabell & Co. One is swept along with the hurtling imagination of the phantasies into reluctant compliance, out of the very act of pronouncing the thing inexcusable! That, despite surrender, repulsion continues to persist, albeit feebly, seems to demand a test for judgment. Would this "parable out of bawdry"—its author's term—be equally effective in the formal idiom of sorcery which sufficed for Hawthorne's fine gusto of the morbid? If so, good! We are with the angels. But if, by one sulphuric whiff, the tale should lose by deodorizing, we prefer holding our nose and missing nothing that I. S. can show us.

D. B. W.

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The Trap, by Dorothy Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE Trap carries on the story of Miriam Henderson's restricted, vista-ed pilgrimage. As in the preceding seven volumes, the novelist, whose personality continues to seem inextricably bound up with her heroine's, records, in her sensitive idiom, not the outer events of Miriam's life, which are barely mentioned, but the movements of Miriam's consciousness as it streams over the rather narrow and not too rocky bed of her experience. Those who enjoy scrupulous accuracy in psychological detail will find here an adventure much keener than that of Ulysses, and spoil richer than the crude ore mined with such difficulty by our native explorers.

B. D.

The Selmans, by V. R. Emanuel. New York: The Dial Press. $2.

THE family novel has come to be a distinct type in fiction, and it is natural that the Jews, among whom family survives as an institution of sacred authority and its decay is attended by most tragic consequences, should furnish the richest material for its practice. The Selmans, like Miss Stern's Matriarch, is the chronicle of a Jewish family in London. Selmans, Salmons, and Solomons are the offspring of Schmool Solomon, dealer in uniforms, gold lace and old clothes, who died in 1835. His son Isaac had eight children, and thirty-one grandchildren—so many that reference to the genealogical table is needed to keep in mind their proper relationships. Through their alliance with the Dimandstones who have flowered into Lord Cairnmachrie, they are in contact with la haute juiverie, and at their lowest with the pawn-broking, loan-sharking, cast-clothing trades. Of the Selmans within their family relations the author renders a complete and veracious account. Nothing could be better than the psychology and behavior of the pack, among whom there is noisy jealousy and secret envy and intrigue, but who are united in the hunt. When he touches the plane of contact with the gentile he is less sure of his ground. David, son of Michael Selman by a gentile marriage, has the handicaps of a weakened strain and an ambiguous social position. That the girl to whom he turns to complete himself should turn out to be half Jew like himself, and his own cousin, stretches the arm of coincidence beyond irony. Even the conclusion that we are all Jews hardly saves it.

R. M. L.

Contributors

J. M. KEYNES, editor of the Economic Journal, was the principal representative of the British Treasury at the Paris Peace Conference.

CLIVE BELL, the noted English critic of literature and art, is a frequent contributor to the New Republic.

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